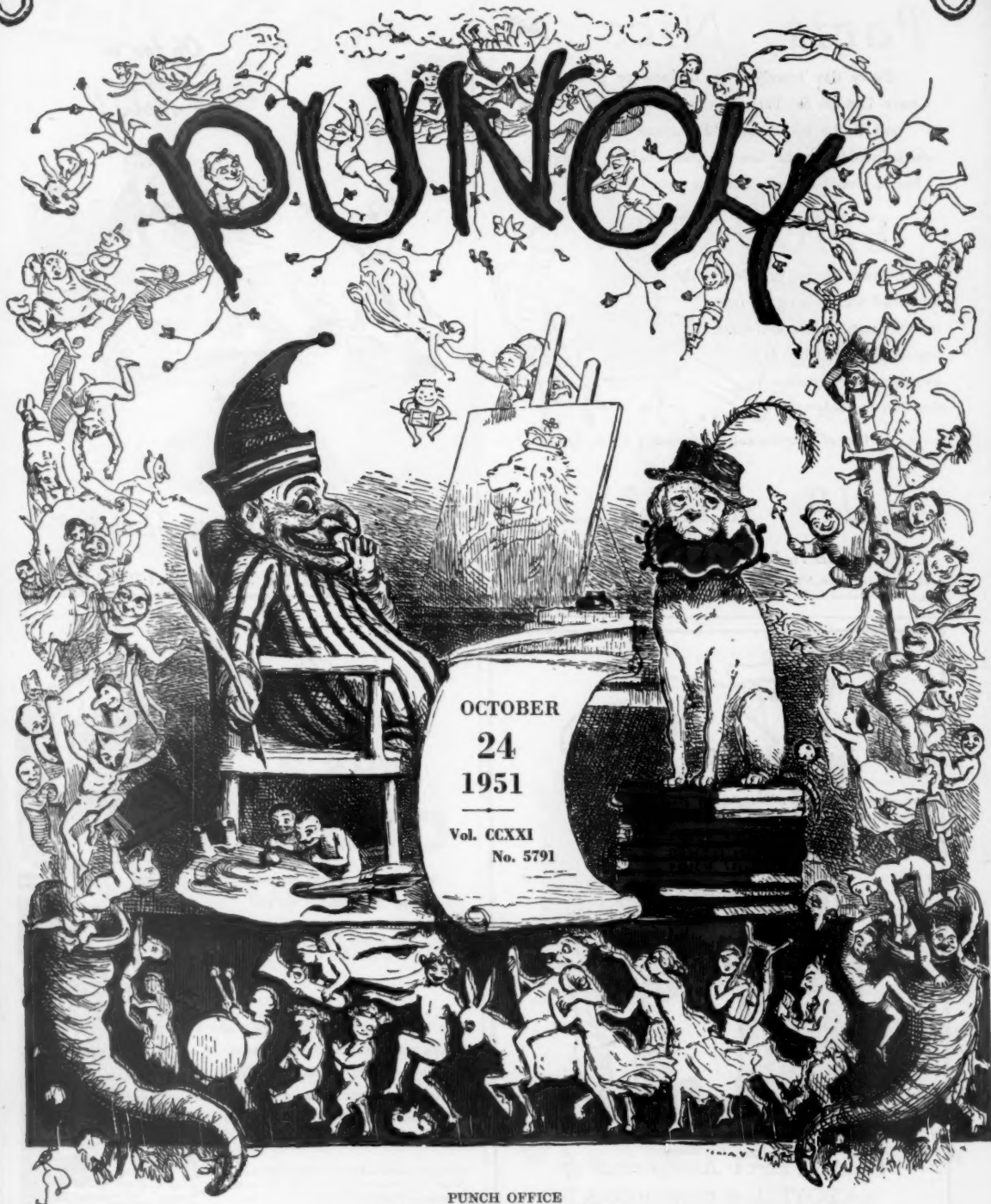


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24 1951

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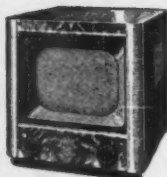


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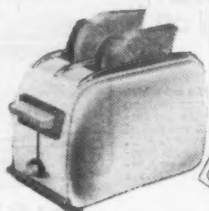


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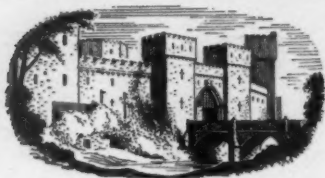
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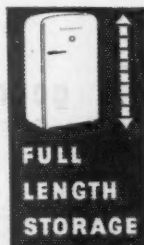
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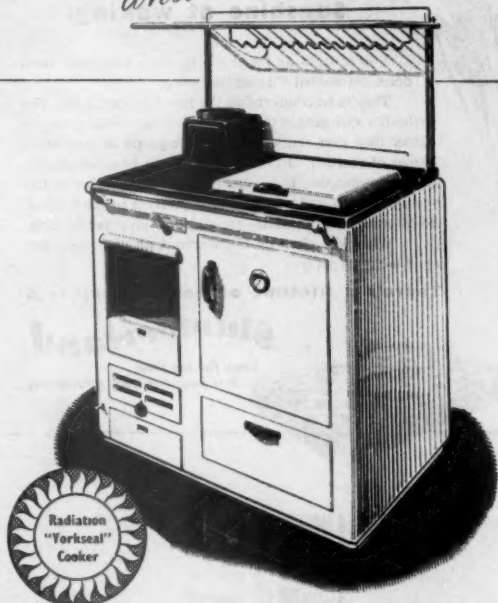


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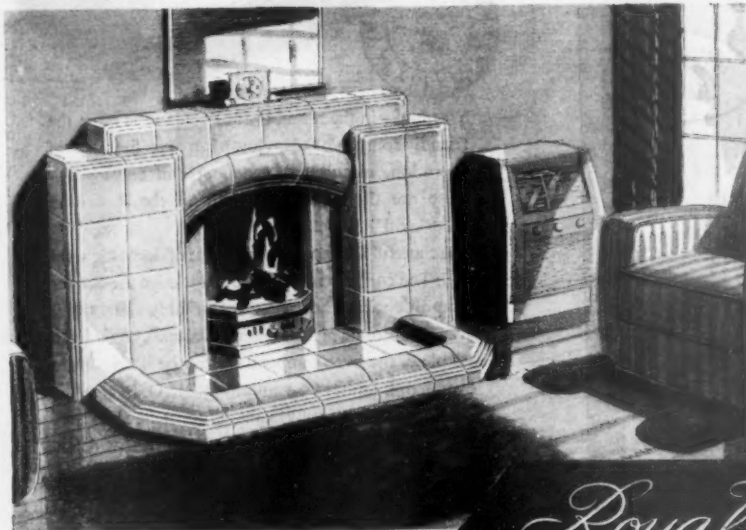


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# Royal Venton

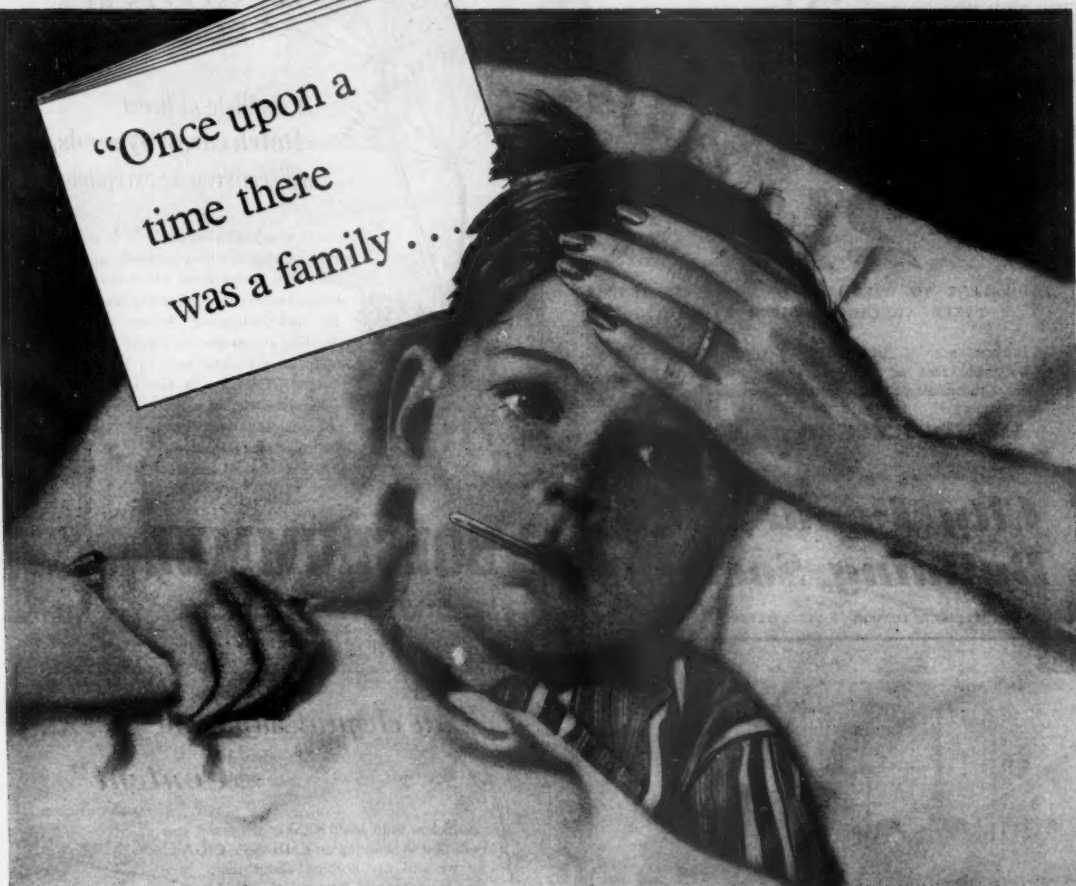
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time there  
was a family . . .



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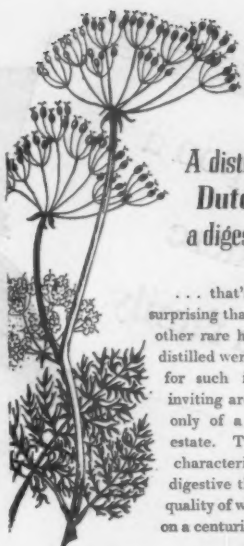
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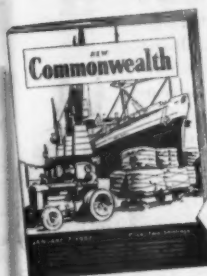
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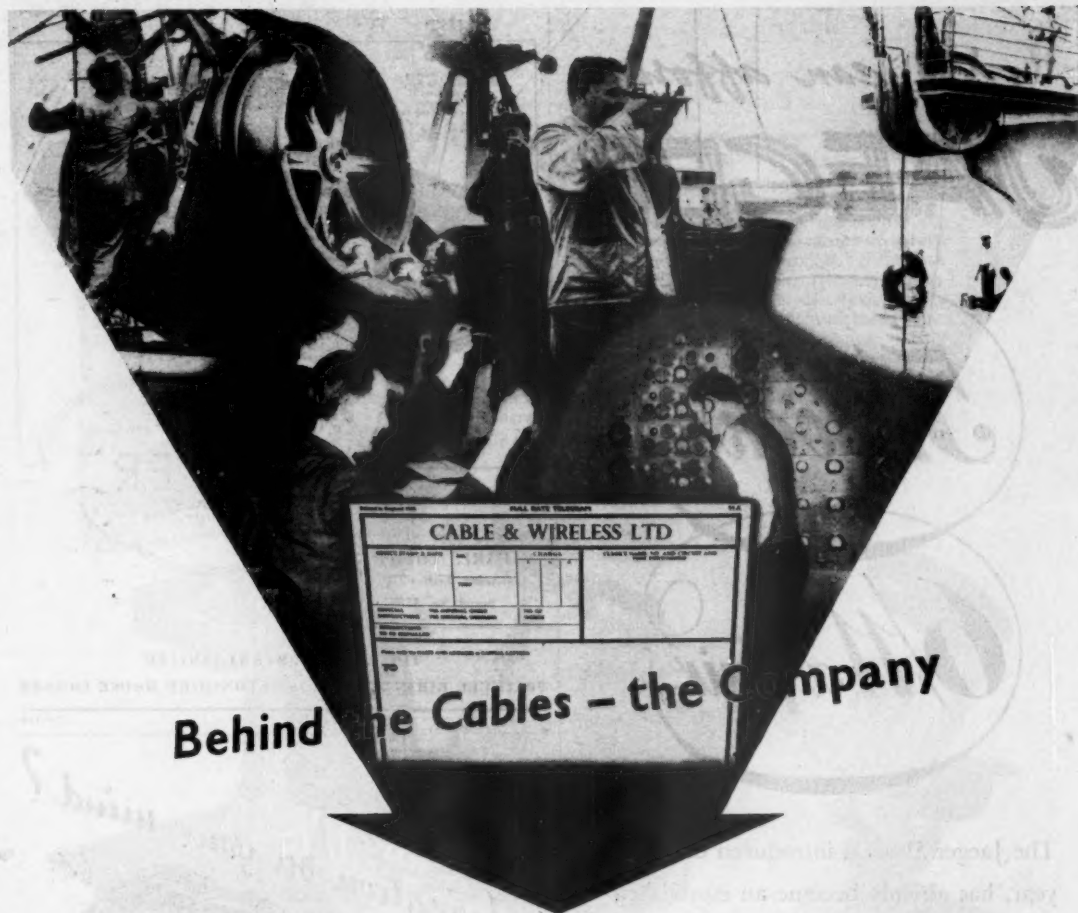


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**KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS**—Left to Right: 1. A cable winch being lowered on to the deck of a cable ship. 2. An Officer takes observations from the bridge of a cable ship. 3. The bow sheaves of a cable ship with cable passing into the sea. 4. Routing messages in a telegraph station. 5. A section of a control panel in a telegraph station.

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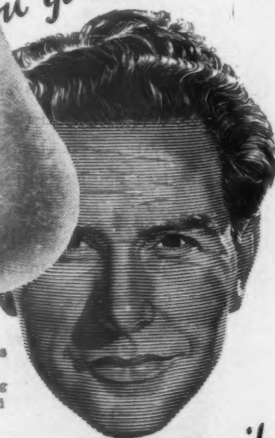
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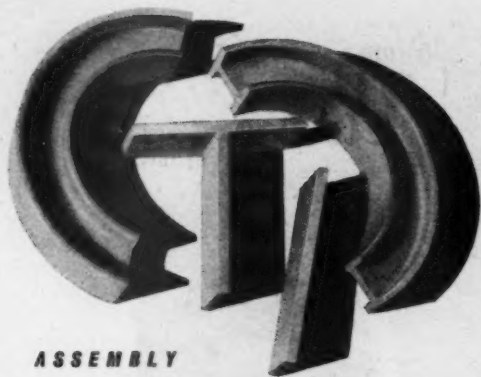
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## If seven men



... with seven tongues,  
Talked on till all was blue,  
Could they give all the reasons why  
Guinness is good for you?  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
"But that it's good is true."



*With acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll, Sir John Tenniel, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd., and, of course, Guinness.*

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## CHARIVARIA

A PRINCIPLE, recently popularized, which relates the votes cast for each party at an election with the seats held by it in the Chamber is known as the Cube Law. Those who remember last year's election will easily recognize it as another conspiracy on the part of the sugar monopoly.

"At Amsterdam Mossadeg wrapped himself in a thick coat, leaned on a black walking-stick, and went partly down the gangway to be photographed. A little Persian girl handed him a bouquet of red carnations.

Then the Premier put on brown silk pyjamas and settled down for the night." —*Daily Express*

How did they get the gangway up?

The Court of Appeal has ruled that the Bekonscot toy village comes within the scope of the Town and Country Planning Act. Owners of model railways are hurriedly painting "B.R." on their locomotives.

"REDS LOSE PUNCH"  
*News Chronicle*

They shouldn't have left it so late to renew their subscriptions.

Complaints against nationalized road transport are on the increase. It is an indication of the seriousness of the position that in some areas customers are being driven back to the railways.

The doctor in charge of the Common Cold Research Unit reports: "We do not say that chilling has nothing to do with giving people colds. All we can say is that we have tried in a variety of ways and have failed to demonstrate that it does." Experiments will be resumed during the coming winter in co-operation with the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

"POLICEMAN IS BEST SHOT"  
*Western Gazette*

In cold blood?

Two hundred public school boys recently attended a local election meeting. They were most enthusiastic about the short-term policies advocated by the speaker.

Thieves who stole the railway sidings at a Welsh colliery and sold them for scrap had it made clear to them by the magistrates that they were working on the wrong lines.



## LORD TENNYSON HAS DOUBTS

LVI

THE warring voices more and more  
In column'd print and mystic sound  
Clash'd each with each; and still I found  
Another pamphlet on the floor.

Their stern appeal to ear and eye  
Argued what is and what is not,  
And ere I slept I question'd What?  
And on my bed I question'd Why?

I mused; one call'd the other vain,  
And weigh'd in scorn the bitter cost:  
"Lo! these," they cried, "have idly lost  
What we had turn'd to golden gain."

With jesting word and angry shout  
The other answer'd; thro' the gloom  
I heard two voices in the room  
That cancell'd one another out!

Of rest and quiet sleep bereft,  
I turn'd and twisted thro' the night,  
And now my will inclin'd to right,  
And now, despairing, veer'd to left.

But with the day came sweet release—  
I rose, and cast away despair;  
With strong resolve I voted, where  
Beyond these voices there is peace.

G. H. VALLINS

## PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST

"*THAT* is a gross and calculated lie."

"Say that again."

"That," I said firmly, "is a gross and calculated lie."

"Yes," she said. "But remember you are talking to a group of ordinary people gathered round the fireside. Can't you make it a little more cosy?"

I tried, but I hadn't the technique.

"Listen," she said. "Of course we all tell a fib now and again, don't we? But that is one thing. It is quite another, you know, to perpetrate one of the foulest and most diabolical lies ever smeared across the face of Britain. Do you see the difference?"

I did indeed. As she spoke, I seemed to hear the crackle of logs on the hearth and to feel beneath my fingers the smooth texture of chintz armchair covers.

"It is good of you," I said, "to groom me so patiently for my ordeal."

"Go on," she said.

"Take cheese," I began—but she was frowning.

"Not yet," she said. "Establish yourself first as an ordinary, sensible, kindly man."

I knew how to do that all right.

"Now you know, and I know, that sensible, kindly folk, such as most of us are, are not going to be taken in by all the silly schoolboy mud-slinging that is going on.

Let us settle our differences like grown-up human beings, for goodness' sake. Of course there are plenty of honest—

"Some."

"Of course there are one or two honest men on the other side. Good luck to them. I'm not going to pretend they are all hyenas in jackals' clothing. But some of them are, you know. Just look at—"

"Yes, all right. Now something for the housewife."

"Take cheese."

"They prefer meat. And be disarming. Now I expect you are thinking—"

"Now I expect you are thinking 'This is all very well, but how am I, an ordinary housewife, to decide where the truth lies in complicated economic matters like this? All I want to know is where Thursday's lunch is coming from.' Isn't that what you are thinking? Of course it is, bless your warm, sane, homely British hearts."

"Well—"

"Too strong?"

"We shall have to judge the effect on the recording."

"And of course you are right. So don't be content to judge by what I say. Go along and ask your butcher. Go along and see Mr. Bones, the butcher—"

"Good."

"—and say to him, 'Look here, Bones—'"

"Mr. Bones."

"Look here, Mr. Bones, you are a sensible, kindly man. Tell me, is there any way out of this impasse, or must we all be dragged willy-nilly behind the chariot wheels of self-seeking monopolists and blind, jackboot-ridden bureaucrats into the slough of famine and despair? Now before I tell you his answer, may I just make—"

"Is this the bit about your early life?"

"Yes."

"You weren't at a public school or anything?"

"My dear young lady!"

"I beg your pardon. When I was a little girl—"

"When my grandmother was a little girl she had to work on the land. Oh yes, she knew what it was to go out crow-scaring at a shilling a day on a bitter January morning, when the snow lay frozen on the glebe and every branch and twig was thickly encrusted—"

"You've only two minutes left."

"—thinly encrusted with rime. Cigars were a penny a bundle in those days, remember, and when the old lady died my father drew me on one side—"

"A minute and a half."

"—and apprenticed me to a Scottish jute-manufacturer. I was an Irish Nationalist, then. We all were. But living on asparagus day after day, and never knowing where the next quarter of beef was coming from, I soon began to ask myself whether greed, hypocrisy, class-hatred and all the Mumbo-Jumbo of radical imperialism—"

"Forty-five seconds—and keep it cosy."

"—were really the best and soundest basis on which to rear a superstructure of—of—"

"Of what?"

"I don't remember," I said sadly. "It all happened so long ago."

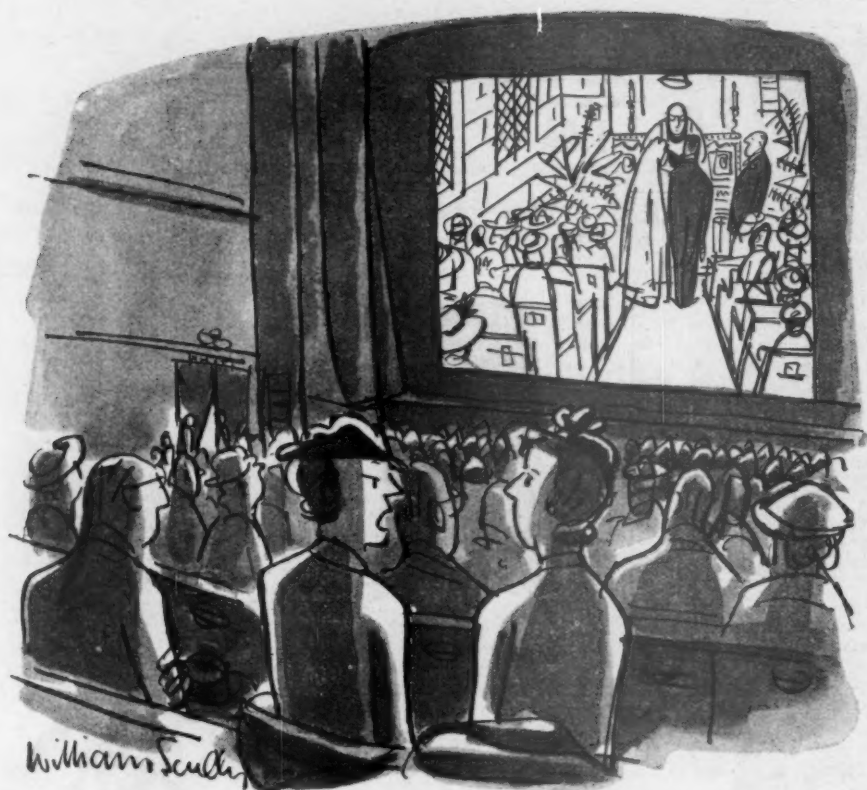
"Time!" she said, and marked me down as

"Failed."

H. F. ELLIS



OUR DAY



*"Of course, in the book, they never actually meet."*

### THE MONARCH OF THE PEN

THE white stag raised his head and belled. His breath was blue in the autumnal air. He was entirely surrounded by bread. Did some pre-natal memory stir within him of a Somerset moor, or the mountains of Argyll? His antlers were like barren boughs. On the paths strewn with chestnut leaves, round the high-railed paddock, were little groups of mothers with children, of nursemaids with perambulators. From time to time a toy poodle or a dachshund—

Precisely. But how hard it is for the writer to convey to the reader with truth and beauty the impression he desires, the scene, the atmosphere, the emotion, and to feel certain that he is not being in some way misunderstood!

White stag indeed! The man is a maniac. Is he talking about a white hart, a fallow buck? Does he suppose that fallow deer roam in the highlands of Scotland or on Exmoor? What does he mean by "entirely surrounded by bread"? One would think he was writing about a venison-pasty; yet evidently the

stag is alive. Why on earth should its breath be blue? He cannot be talking about the Zoological Gardens, for no dogs are admitted there, nor are the paths strewn with leaves: at any rate not for long. Curiosity, not pleasure, has been aroused. We must begin again.

The truth is that the white stag is a red stag. That is to say that he ought to have been red, but happens to be white. A freak, I suppose, and purchased from a private collection; he has three hinds, and there are two fawns of last year, one white and the other (which started with white spots all over it) now a dusty brown. But since the stag lives in a London park and is apt to wallow in a muddy little rivulet, he is not so white after all. Nor indeed are red deer, except in certain lights, distinctively red. Should we not rather say, therefore, "The dirty-white-so-called-red stag raised his head and belled." "Belled" I think we must keep. There is no sort of use in mentioning a stag at this time of year unless we allow him to bell. At any rate, he has made a noise rather, but not quite, like a cow.



But perhaps we ought not to describe his breath as blue? A light greyish blue would be far more accurate. And the bread of course is lying on the ground. So many slices of it have been thrown to the dirty-white-so-called-red stag that he cannot eat any more. Shall we then keep the sentence about Somerset and the mountains of Argyll? Surely it is one of those silly questions that writers are always asking about animals, questions that cannot possibly be answered, because so few animals are properly psycho-analysed. Would it not be much better to say something which is certainly true about the dirty-white stag, and his reactions to his environment? Very well then.

The dirty-white-so-called-red stag raised his head and belled, but not so loudly as a sick cow. His breath was a light bluish-grey in the autumnal air. The ground at his feet was strewn with slices of bread. It was made of National flour.

He did not know that the price of bread was kept artificially low. He did not wonder that people could afford to throw it away. He did not understand that he belonged to the L.C.C., and that the Parks Committee had put him where he was. Still less that he was maintained by the London ratepayer with additional grants of free food made available by the policy of the Government. He did not even know that he was dirty white and ought to have been dingy red. Possibly no stag would have realized these things.

All he knew was that he had had quite enough of the dirty-white-so-called-bread. He may have belled because it was the time of year for belling, or because he had a stomach-ache. But here again we pass into the region of conjecture . . .

I was about to investigate the leaf-strewn path in order to find out whether the leaves had all fallen from chestnut trees, or had not partly come from beeches, oaks and other deciduous timber, when I was startled by a voice at my side. It was talking to a pink child in a push-chair coloured bright green. "That's the papa deer, duckums. He doesn't have to go to his office every day like your daddy does, does he?"

I was so much disgusted by this remark, obviously true though it was, that I decided to have nothing more to do with the affair.

EVOE

2 2

\*†§!?

*From the draft of a Company Report*

... Accordingly the Directors propose to declare a dividend, payable in November next, of 12½ per cent, as compared with last year's 8 per cent.\* In taking this decision . . .

\* Since the above was written the Government have announced their intention of introducing legislation to provide for the statutory control of dividends.†

† Since the above was written the Prime Minister has announced that a General Election will take place on 25th October.‡

‡ Since the above was written . . .

# CHRYSLIS AND BUTTERFLY

*I never pass one of these—*



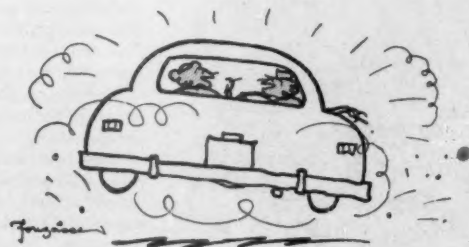
*or one of these—*



*without a sigh of regret that they must so soon, alas, turn into—*



*one of these—*



*or one of these.*



IT is nearly all over bar the shouting. The candidates have only a few more hecklers to face, a few more throat lozenges to suck, a few more babies to pet. The pollsters have published their final findings and the statisticians stand ready, logarithmic tables in hand, to analyse the results as they come in—to-morrow night!

Radio and TV electricians tell me that their repair squads have been rushed off their feet this last week: everybody, it seems, is determined to miss none of the excitement of the big count. I shall be up and awake, I hope, until four o'clock on Friday morning: my *Times* map of the constituencies is in position, and my coloured pencils, newly sharpened, are at the ready. And there are still a few fingers of night-cap, thank goodness, in the decanter.



Long before this particular *Punch* has reached its ultimate reader (the statisticians keep their hand in, between elections, by estimating that every copy is read by at least twelve people) the forecasters will have been proved right or wrong; the lucky few will have reminded us of their predictions, and the others will have swept on regardless to other commitments.

These soothsayers fall into four main classes—the professional political pugilists or candidates ("I'll moider dat guy!"), the punters ("Can't resist a flutter now and then, y'know."), the master minds ("It's not just a hunch I tell you: I've taken everything into consideration—Egypt, housing, television, Bevan, everything—and I just know that . . ."), and the official, *bona fide* pollsters. Well, we need not take the first group too seriously, and the punters, presumably, are punting with their own money; but groups three and four are obviously of interest to every true Briton. We are a nation of clairvoyants and Old Moores, and we are never happier than when we are applauding, or reviling, the efforts of those bold enough to prophesy in print—the poor old Met. Office, the racing tipsters, the football forecasters, the astrologers, the financial columnists.

Now polls of public opinion, in their present highly scientific form,

are quite new in Britain. BIPO (the British Institute of Public Opinion or the Gallup Poll), which is commonly regarded as the most reliable of them, has published its findings in the *News Chronicle* since 1938, and the *Daily Express* began its political crystal-gazing during the last war: so they have been tested at only two General Elections, in 1945 and 1950. In 1945, when Labour bagged 48.5, the Conservatives 39.9 and the Liberals 9.0 per cent of the total vote the forecasts of the two chief pollsters were:

	Lab.	Cons.	Lib.
B.I.P.O.	47	41	10 per cent
"Express"	37	37	9 per cent.

B.I.P.O., you see, was right on the target, while its rival would have been *completely accurate* if 11.5 and 2.9 of the 17 per cent listed under "Don't know" had voted Lab. and Cons. respectively.

Then in 1950 when the results were:

	Lab.	Cons.	Lib.
	46.1	43.4	9.1 per cent

their forecasts were equally successful. B.I.P.O. in fact put the Conservative poll within 0.1 per cent of actuality. Not bad.

The really strange thing about

these polls is that they do not seem to help the master minds very much with their predictions of the results in terms of seats, or even with their efforts to spot the winning party. The last election, as we know so well, gave Labour an absolute majority of only seven seats. It was one of the closest fights on record, and the voting was predicted with remarkable accuracy by the pollsters: yet only a few weeks before E Day a distinguished writer "who has made a special study of election statistics" ridiculed the idea of a close fight—"such a dictum," he said, "fails to appreciate how the British electoral system exaggerates narrow majorities in votes into sizeable majorities in seats." This erring expert was in good company: very few people, if any, foresaw the possibility of such a calamitous stalemate.

And there were the same prophetic howlers in 1945. After polling day, but before the count—which was three weeks later—the *Daily Express* forecast a Tory majority of sixty, the *Daily Mail* talked of "a close shave," the *Financial News* predicted a Churchillian triumph, and the *News Chronicle* (in spite of its poll) said that "the general view in all party headquarters is that it will be a very near thing." On July 27 we all knew that the Soc. Lab. swept home with a clear majority of 158 seats.

And this time? Well, according to an *Observer* expert "this should be an easier election to forecast than the last; we may reasonably have a greater confidence in the public opinion polls." This means, I think, that the prophets have at last decided to be guided by the pollsters—which may explain why they have stuck out their necks with forecasts of Conservative majorities of a hundred and even two hundred seats.

One remarkable feature of this election campaign has been the sudden revival of interest in



the so-called "Cube Law," a bit of sublime mysticism and mathematical Mumbo-Jumbo which states that—breathe in!—the ratio of the seats won by the parties in a predominantly two-party system is at least equal to the cube of the ratio between the votes cast for them. This formula, we are told, has proved remarkably accurate when applied to elections in New Zealand and to the British elections of 1931, 1935 and 1945. But it didn't work out so well last time, in 1950: in fact, according to my admittedly erratic calculations it worked out very badly. Why, then, have the statisticians dug up this hoary piece of claptrap, which was first adumbrated back in 1909 before the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems? I can only suppose that the prophets are looking around madly for "alibis"—just in case.

It would be cowardly in the extreme, in view of what I have written above, to leave the field without offering readers the fruits of our own necromantic research. Here then, for what it is worth, is the *Punch* Poll of Public Opinion or P.P.P.O. (usually abbreviated to P<sub>2</sub>O).

To the question "Which party will, in your opinion, win the day on October 25?":

Mr. H. Higginstone of Carlisle said: "The Conservatives should do it, with the Tories second."

Mr. R. Figson (trader) of

London said: "Well, I was all for the Tories while Dalton was telling housewives not to buy. Got me business to think of. Then the bloomin' *Express* starts this lark about P.T. and everybody stops buyin' in the hope that it'll come off. So where am I? I shall vote Liberal."

Mrs. F. Trethowan of Cornwall said: "My money is on the Labour."

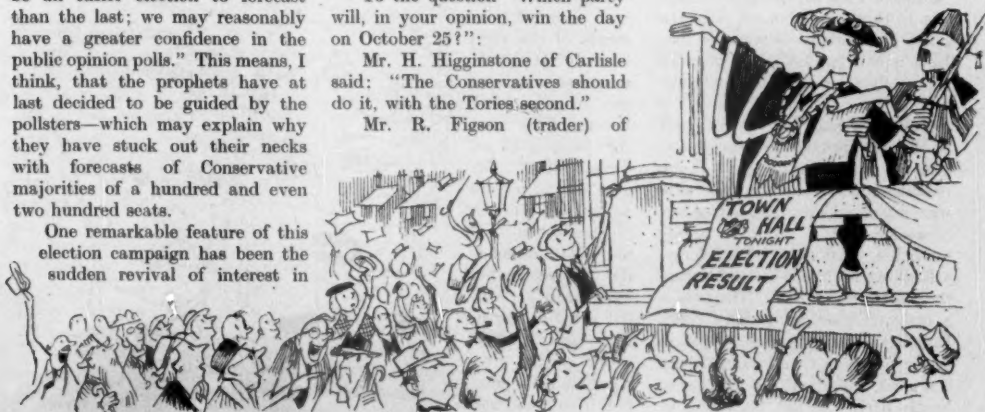
Mr. S. H. Tolcher of Leamington said: "I don't think he ought to fight again so soon after the last scrap, but I shall definitely be rooting for Randy. Definitely."

When the Cube Law is applied to these votes (courtesy Mr. Cube) we get the following allocation of seats:

Labour	..	1
Conservatives	..	1
Liberals	..	1
Doubtful	..	622

And now, electors, it is up to you. Go in and win. Last time eighty-four per cent of us voted: let's make it ninety this time, eh? Remember that every spoilt ballot paper is a vote for Apathy, Complacency, Appeasement, Victimization, Spoliation and False Pride.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





(Rommel—Desert Fox

Speak No Evil

Rommel—JAMES MASON—Fraw Rommel—JESSICA TANDY

## AT THE PICTURES

Rommel—Desert Fox

Pickup



HERE has been a great fuss about *Rommel—Desert Fox* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY), nearly all about its supposed misrepresentation of the truth, hardly any about its merits as a film. I can't help it if this annoys anybody, but I found it quite a good and enjoyable film. It doesn't seem to me so completely out of the question to take pleasure in something without in the least accepting it as a record of fact; a good film doesn't suddenly become better if it is afterwards announced to be true, nor worse if it isn't. Moreover I am irresponsible enough not to think badly of an otherwise good film merely because it may have a bad psychological effect on somebody else—and somebody else in another country at that (it is "German youth" of which most of the disapprovers are solicitous). This is a perfectly good, competently-made story of a general in war, a general shown as a pleasant character with a normally happy home life, great skill at his job and a loathing for the senseless politics that interfered with it. The title is a little unexpected; I don't think Rommel was ever popularly known as the Desert Fox, and though there is a good deal about the fighting in North Africa at the beginning of

this film (authentic shots we have seen before—of Alamein, for instance—are effectively fitted in with the fictional stuff) most of it has nothing to do with his desert campaign. Quite a bit, indeed, deals with his alleged part in the bomb attempt on Hitler's life in July 1944: his talks with his friend the scheming Lord Mayor of Stuttgart, and with Rundstedt (who as played by

LEO G. CARROLL emerges as an amusingly cynical character always good for a laugh). The actual occasion of the bomb attempt is reconstructed in a scene of considerable suspense, and Hitler is portrayed by LUTHER ADLER—not as successful an imitation as some we have seen. As the principal figure, JAMES MASON does remarkably well, giving a convincing portrait of a good soldier who was also a human being. Is it fair to start with the assumption that since Rommel was a general who fought for the Nazis he cannot have been a human being, and conclude that therefore Mr. MASON's performance is no good?

Pickup (Director: HUGO HAAS)

will probably get less than it deserves of the right kind of attention, and too much of the wrong kind, because it is what the trade calls an "exploitation picture"—a picture advertised, if not in fact made, to attract much of its audience for reasons quite unconnected with its artistic worth. The idea is that many people who don't know a good film from a bad one

will make (panting eagerly) for something called *Pickup* which they have been told involves a beautiful wicked floozie. Of course the high-principled thing to say would be that these people will be properly disappointed, but I don't know that they will; all I wish to make clear is that some moviegoers who might, on the contrary, be repelled by the "exploitation" will, in fact, find much to enjoy. The story is a simple one about a kindly middle-aged railwayman, living alone at a desert "tank stop," and a hard mercenary beauty who marries him for his small savings. The whole thing is done without any of the gloom that usually blankets this sort of work: the detail is good, the scene is made visually interesting, there is much incidental comedy, and the playing of Mr. HAAS himself as the railwayman (he also produced and collaborated on the script) is a pleasure to watch.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London is *Appointment With Venus*: a pleasant, entertaining little war-time adventure in the Channel Islands, that misses being anything special. The delightful French *Edvard and Caroline* (26/9/51) continues.

Of the releases, the most enjoyable in my opinion is *He Ran All the Way* (10/10/51), an admirably done small-scale crime story.

RICHARD MALLETT



Hear No Evil

Betty Horak—BEVERLY MICHAELS

Jan Horak—HUGO HAAS



## DOORS

I WAS in the middle of a rather tricky letter to my Inspector of Taxes when Edith flung open my study door and charged into the room with a tray of crockery. At first I thought that she must have mistaken the time, and arrived an hour early with my mid-morning cup of Beefe, but a second glance showed me that the crockery had come from the breakfast-table.

She sank into an armchair and giggled in a silly sort of way.

"I didn't mean to come in here at all," she said, "but I've been doing it ever since we moved into the new flat."

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Thinking that I am still in the other flat, and that the doors of the rooms are in their old positions. I collected the breakfast things from the table as usual and intended to take them, of course, to the kitchen. In the old flat the door of the kitchen was where your study door is now, and as I was deep in thought, wondering whether to open our last tin of squashed veal if the fish were late again, I automatically came in here instead of the kitchen. Like the man in the Bastille."

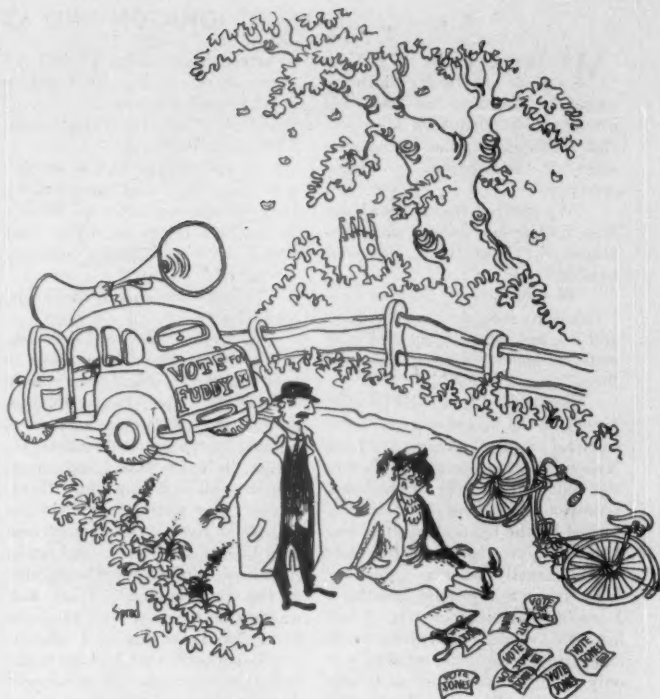
Later in the day I can cope with Edith's conversation, but in the morning it always leaves me a little dazed.

"I don't remember anybody in the Bastille," I said, "who opened a tin of squashed veal because the fish was late."

"It's in the Dickens book where the man says it is a far, far, better thing than he has ever done before, and then they cut his head off. *He* wasn't the man in the Bastille, of course, but the man in the Bastille was in the same book. I think he was the girl's father, but I'm not sure, because I always mix up the book I'm talking about with *Little Dorrit*, *Little Dorrit*'s father also having been in prison, though not the Bastille. Surely you remember the book I mean? I think Robert Donat was in it."

I struggled gamely.

"I imagine," I said, "that you are referring to *A Tale of Two Cities*, but I am quite sure there is no



"I hope you're not going to make political capital out of this, Miss Paletborpe."

mention of tinned veal in the book. I wouldn't put it past Hollywood to have inserted a tin of it in the film version, only of course they would call it a can, but actually it wasn't invented in the eighteenth century, so it can't have been served in the Bastille."

Edith said that I was making her head go round and round talking about tinned veal, which was not what had reminded her about the man in the Bastille.

"The man in the book who had been in the Bastille," she said, "got into the habit of doing things at certain times and in certain places, and when he got outside he couldn't throw off his habits. And I'm just the same with these doors."

She departed, and I rubbed out a bit I had put in my letter to the Inspector of Taxes, claiming

dilapidation allowance for late fish, and ruminated on the vagaries of the female mind. Ours is quite a small flat, and the idea of getting lost in it is absurd.

This makes it all the more inexplicable that on stepping out to post my letter I should find myself in the linen cupboard, like—  
who was that man in the Bastille?

D. H. BARBER

## TORCH SONG

AFRAID to venture  
To my distant stall  
I stood benighted  
On the plunging ramp.  
I'd not have seen  
Miss Nightingale at all  
But for that nice young  
Lady with the Lamp.

## NELSON, JOHNSON AND KELLY

"MY two methods of sending myself to sleep, hitherto successful, begin to fail me," said Cranmer. Stretched in his deck-chair, blinking in the spring sunshine of Melbourne, he looked unhappy.

"We are ten hours ahead out here, and upside down," said Purbright. "That may be your trouble."

"It may indeed," said his wife. "This is my second spring this year, and it's upsetting. Propound your methods and we'll try to improve them."

"By the first method I imagine myself on the bridge of an aircraft-carrier," said Cranmer. "Lord Nelson stands beside me. We are in the middle of the fleet and complex operations are taking place. Unperturbed by the fog and crash of war I explain, in crisp respectful sentences, exactly what is going on. Lord Nelson asks probing questions. I answer them competently: I tell him about steam, radar, aircraft and submarines. He nods, satisfied not only by my answers but as to my ability. If, after this, I am still awake, I have only to wait until he has either appointed me to his staff

or promoted me, upon which I fall asleep at once. But, as I say, it doesn't work any more."

"Why?" asked Purbright's wife. "It sounds infallible."

"I have taught him so much," said Cranmer, "that his questions have become too difficult. What's worse, he's begun to realize that things have not really changed much."

"What's the second method?" asked Purbright.

"I refute Doctor Johnson. When it worked there was no better method. 'Swallows certainly sleep all the winter,' Doctor Johnson is reported as having said. 'A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river.' I am merciless with him. I dwell upon his inanely confident use of the word 'certainly' in the first sentence. I ask him whether he has ever seen swallows flying round and round. I ask him how he supposes they breathe in the bed of the river; whether he has ever disturbed a conglobation of them. He is left speechless. In the end he breaks down and admits he has never seen either the bed of a river or a swallow; that he read about it in a book. 'He read about it in a book,' I repeat with great scorn—and fall asleep. A good method, you'll agree; but it has failed me. He doesn't listen any more; swallows bore him now—and me, for that matter."

"But can't you refute him on other grounds?" asked Purbright.

"No," said Cranmer, sadly. "I've searched Boswell, but I can find no other subject about which I know more than he."

"It's a sorry state of affairs," said Purbright's wife. "What you need is a new formula. I shall think, and Purbright shall telephone the result to you."

The following evening Purbright and his wife were washing up. "I have it," she said suddenly, handing him a piece of priceless oven-proof glass to wipe. "He shall refute the Lord Mayor of Melbourne.

He shall ask him, with wide eyes, why Ned Kelly's armour is kept in the Aquarium. It's perfect. "This is the only suit of armour an Australian bushranger ever made—right?" 'Yes,' says the Lord Mayor. 'Ned Kelly was wounded while wearing it—right?' 'Yes,' says the Lord Mayor. 'So it wasn't even a very good suit of armour?' 'No,' says the Lord Mayor, 'but it was the only—' 'I know. It was the only suit of armour ever made in Australia. But that makes it an historic object—right?' 'Yes,' says the Lord Mayor. 'Well, why feed it to the fishes, then?' asks Cranmer, and falls asleep."

"It's a good idea," said Purbright, "but it wouldn't do for me. I admire too much the stark fact of the arrangement. If I were Lord Mayor I'd have a shot at putting myself to sleep. 'Do you realize, Cranmer,' I'd ask, 'that this is the only aquarium in the world with a suit of armour in it? Do you not admire the stark fact—'"

"I see your point," said his wife, "but I still think it worth mentioning to him." "Oh, yes," said Purbright, "I agree," and when they had finished washing up he went to the telephone. . . .

Cranmer much admired the idea. "I'll get them talking about it," he said. "What's that?" asked Purbright. "I slept like a top last night," said Cranmer. "I got them talking. And this thing about the armour in the aquarium is just up Johnson's street. If he could believe in conglobulating swallows . . ." "But it's true," said Purbright. "That makes it all the better," said Cranmer. There was a pause. "Get who talking together?" asked Purbright. "Nelson and Johnson," said Cranmer. "It's my new method. Lulled by the murmur of their voices I fall into a log-like sleep."

"A delicious shrimp salad was followed by a South American canembert by no means to be sniffed at."

From a novel

We recognize it.

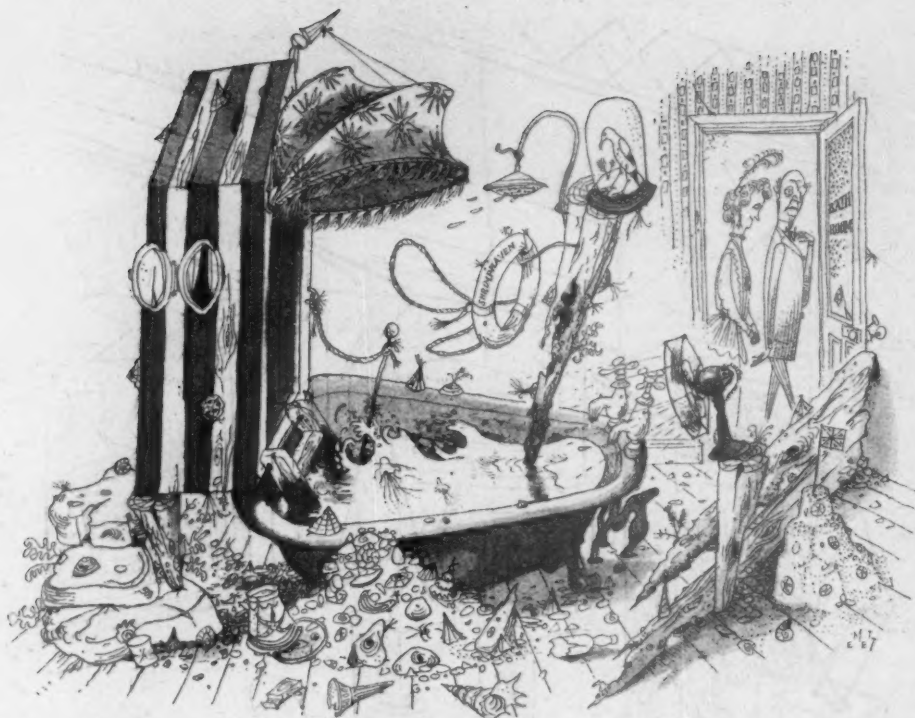


Hallowood

"But you mustn't waste your vote. Surely there's some party you want to keep out more than others?"



*"You'd have thought they'd have done something about the telephone."*



"And somehow, throughout the years, we manage to keep alive the spirit of that wonderful holiday..."

### TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY

MY Great-aunt Puriwig left me a small but tempting legacy on condition that I published this miniature Anthology of Anonymous Poems which she compiled during a lifetime of unbridled reading. This revenge for my pranks at her expense is sharpened by the obligation to add Critical and Explanatory Footnotes. I have struggled conscientiously with the task; but how bitterly I regret the fire in the attic, the bomb in the drawing-room and the sawn-off staircase.

#### OLD POEM

There war twa' morgia's<sup>1</sup>  
Sae haugh<sup>2</sup> to spee  
As ever a gude-knight<sup>3</sup>  
Laid him to dee.<sup>4</sup>  
Laird Thrumble, Laird Thrumble<sup>5</sup>  
My lovesome bairn,<sup>6</sup>  
He lieth all goresome<sup>7</sup>  
Under a stane.<sup>8</sup>

Notes.—(1) Ravens? Lilies? Daggers?; (2) "A piece of low-lying meadow ground on the border of a river" but not, surely, in this context; (3) Gude=good. If you leave out the "k" it is equivalent to the French *bon soir*. If you don't, the poem is little less obscure; (4) Dee=die. So spelt to rhyme with "spee." If the author had used the normal spelling in the first case, none of this bother would have occurred; (5) Not in *Debrett*; (6) The speaker seems to be a peeress; (7) Blood-stained. Someone had done him in; (8) Easy: stone.

Criticism.—Rhyme, metre and vocabulary roughish. Prentice work?

#### LAMENT OVER THE WICKEDNESS OF THE TIMES<sup>1</sup>

The untriumphant hour,  
Unknown of heroes when they triumph hold  
Amid the city ways, while captives cold  
With subjugated neck  
After their country's wreck,  
It having been forgot that once they, bold,  
Did virtuous upstand<sup>2</sup>  
Defensive of their land,



Sequacious of the conqueror onmarch,<sup>2</sup>  
Is<sup>4</sup> now. Cæsar, when he the arch  
Of victory commemorant did raise,  
Commanded lays<sup>5</sup>  
From poets garlanded with laurel bays.<sup>6</sup>  
In atramentous<sup>7</sup> times,  
That now engloom us as the dark a child<sup>8</sup>  
Its daylight humours wild,  
No glorious tiding or fanfaring drum  
Or other solemn frolic of the state  
Doth now perpetuate  
Th' heroic mode, the conches<sup>9</sup> resting dumb.

*Notes.*—(1) Personally, I have always thought it rather a clean paper; (2) The meaning is similar to stand up; (3) The meaning is similar to march on. The conqueror went in front and the captives marched after him; (4) The verb at last! (5) Poems. It was unusual for poets to wait for inspiration. They just obeyed orders; (6) Laurels are also much used for shrubberies; (7) Black, but more impressive by three syllables; (8) The exigencies of the metre have squeezed out an "of" somewhere round about here; (9) Something between trumpets and shells.

*Criticism.*—The poet seems to have learned English mainly from cribs to the Classics. The theme of the piece is that things are more drab nowadays. This contradicts the title: wickedness is known to be colourful.

#### EPIGRAM

What Faith unfaithful did to Hope deny,  
Belief, denying, hoped that Faith lived by.

*Notes.*—What can this mean?

*Criticism.*—The diction is chiselled but the vocabulary meagre. As for prosody, I should call it a couplet.

#### PATRIOT'S SONG

Four-an'-twenty men o' war are setting sail from Cowes.  
(Grapeshot for the after-poop, chainshot<sup>1</sup> for the bows.)  
For to scuttle Boney's<sup>2</sup> fleet they sartainly intend.  
(Bo'sun make a clove-hitch, coxswain make a bend.)  
Heave, me merry mariners, the stern chase has begun!  
I'm counting on ye, jolly tars, to make the Mounseers<sup>3</sup>  
run!  
Furl, furl away!<sup>4</sup>  
After your prey!  
I'll be here<sup>5</sup> when you're back, shouting hip,  
hip-hurray!

*Notes.*—(1) Chainshot was shot linked by chains; (2) Boney seems to have been the opposing Admiral. It sounds like a *nom de guerre*; (3) This term has a vaguely eastern flavour. Barbary corsairs, no doubt; (4) This and the following line are on the short side; (5) Presumably Cowes.

*Criticism.*—This is a stirring poem and very straightforward compared to some in the Anthology. It seems to me the kind of poem that gets set to music.

#### SAD VERSE

O moth, thou art singed  
In the lamp of his heart.  
'Twas to-day that we met  
And to-morrow we part.  
The love that I bear  
Is the love that he spurns;  
But the lamp blazes brighter  
The more moths it burns.<sup>1</sup>

*Note.*—(1) Experiment disproves this.  
*Criticism.*—Sloppy thinking spoils a promising bit of versification. It would be interesting to have the man's side of the story. The rhyming scheme is bdfh.

#### IDYLL

In the shade of the beech bound the rose-red dancers,  
Liasom and lithe as the Daughters of Time,  
Treading the dog-rose and sweet, frail chestnut,  
Lily and loosestrife and ling and lime.<sup>1</sup>  
*See where Phæbus<sup>2</sup> catches in his fine-drawn dragnet*  
*Sunbeams from the golden locks that glint upon her head,*  
*While her girlish<sup>3</sup> laughter echoes from the clmbole,*  
*Echoes from the aspen with its leaves long shed.*

*Notes.*—(1) Notice alliteration; (2) His surname was Apollo; (3) This epithet is redolent of youth.

*Criticism.*—This change of metre is signalled by italics. The poet begins by spreading his attention among a number of lasses but later narrows down to one. I cannot identify the season. The general effect is gay and al fresco. Thank heaven this is the last poem that satisfied great-aunt's standards. Things have got tougher since Mr. Eliot.

R. G. G. PRICE

#### BALLADE OF DOUBT DISPELLED

IF Dr. Gallup stopped and raised his hat  
(He hasn't yet, but any day he may)  
And asked me for my views on this and that  
He'd soon give up and sigh and go away.  
A says he's seen the light. I envy A.  
B's wife has drawn the line for him to toe.  
I'm just as wise and well-informed as they,  
But—I don't know.

C, from next door, would have his answers pat  
And reel them off without the least delay;  
He's sure that X is right, that Y's a rat,  
That Z must go and W must stay.  
His world is black and white but never grey,  
His friend's a saint, Beelzebub his foe.  
But, still to black uncertainty a prey,  
I just don't know.

Astride the fence, where I have always sat,  
Sadly I sit and longingly survey  
The rival teams, returning tit for tat,  
Blind, dusty, tired, but joyful in the fray.  
I'd dearly love to scramble down and play  
And lose my doubts in the imbroglio,  
Or even wave a flag and shout hurray.  
But—I don't know.

But, Prince, what's that? To-morrow's Polling  
Day?  
Here, help me down and tell me where to go.  
I'm not a peer, or mad. How dare you say  
That I don't know!

## TO MAKE THINGS WITH THE HANDS IS GOOD



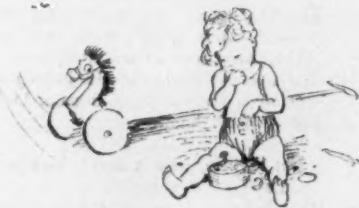
TO make things with the hands is good  
in metal or textile, stone or wood:  
a crankshaft, or a jewelled ring,  
a cup to drink from, a fiddle to sing;  
a toy for a child, a ship for the sea,  
a glove for a lady of quality;  
a picture painted, a scalpel ground,  
a horse well shod or a book well bound;  
a plane to fly fast, a barge to sail slow—  
and best of all to make corn grow.

It is good to hammer, to plane, to scrape,  
beat, pound and chisel, pare, smooth and shape;  
to sew, to weave, to cook; to bend  
all things material to man's end.



But—the hands may be maimed, the fingers that  
rippled  
the rhythms of music be cramped and crippled:  
the once-sure hands may hesitate  
that bit the rivet into the plate,  
falter and fumble, and try again;  
unreal things only, made by the brain  
edged by suffering, honed by pain—  
until death takes all, or the mind decays—  
will give a man joy to the end of his days:  
works he with his mind as well as his hands,  
considers the world, and its thousand lands,  
reflects on the distance of star from star,  
thinks upon death, who stays not far  
from any man's elbow.

Time and Death,  
the one with his scythe, the other his breath,  
deface and tarnish—but to man's gain—  
the work alike of the hands and the brain.

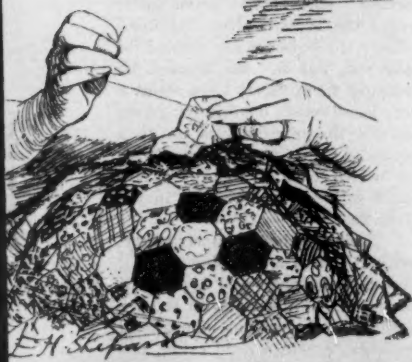




Man is mortal: joy in the thought!  
It makes the heart loving, and the brain-  
taut towards creation . . . if he can find  
a way to balance the hand and the mind,  
and better it is to make a botched thing—  
a fiddle untrue, or a clumsy ring—  
than to work alone with the tools of thought  
be the work never so finely wrought;  
better it is with ideas to grope,  
however ineptly, beyond one's scope  
than to sit idle, hands' work done  
for a day, or a lifetime, leaving forgone  
man's birthright, and finding life's salt-savour  
like an old man's tobacco, all taste and no flavour.

R. C. SCRIVEN

CASUALTY





### ADVENTURE STORY

"THE modern boy" is a much debated person who has earned quotation marks (through no fault of his own) to indicate his status as a problem. He has cropped up often in this series of social service articles, and we have seen how slum housing and family unsettlement are turning him into an adult, and not always a happy one, before his time. Where he used to learn a craft he now earns high wages in a job which is more and more a meaningless mechanical operation. Easy money and still easier mass entertainment ask nothing of him in initiative, and the well-meant intervention of the Welfare State does inevitably encourage the philosophy of Something for Nothing. In terms of character this can be disastrous. Many boys still live normal boyish lives, but the number of those who don't is growing. Educational authorities, the Scouts, clubs and various societies are doing their best to meet the danger, but nearly all suffer the handicap of having the boy only for a few hours at a stretch. A new and intensive approach, which seems to me to hold great hope for the future, is being made

by the Outward Bound Trust, in its Sea School at Aberdovey and its Mountain School at Eskdale.

The idea goes back to 1941, when Mr. Lawrence Holt, convinced that Merchant Navy lives were being lost unnecessarily in the U-boat battle through insufficient knowledge of small boats, started a Sea School at Aberdovey with the advice of Mr. Kurt Hahn, the imaginative founder of Gordonstoun. Young men who passed through this course went into active service fit and self-dependent, and by the end of the war Aberdovey had proved itself in a way that far outreached the basic aim of saving life. It was felt that such an original forcing-house of character was too valuable to be broken up, and so the Outward Bound Trust was formed to take it over, in 1946.

Since then about a thousand boys a year have been through it; boys between fifteen and nineteen, from every sort of home, from schools and industry and all manner of occupations, from many different countries; boys representing a complete cross-section of politics, creed and class. They come to Aberdovey

for twenty-six days, and are put through a course designed to challenge them in the things that are naturally their own province but are now rarely found except in time of war; they meet a set of real conditions—the Trust's literature says it very well—"imposed by sea and earth and sky, wind and weather, physical and mental fatigue, a team of comrades who must not be let down, and a job to master." Henty and Ballantyne would understand immediately what the Trust is after. At Aberdovey the boys are not trained for the sea, but the sea is used for training them. They learn about it in a small fleet of boats ranging from canoes through dinghies up to a splendid eighty-ton auxiliary ketch in which each Watch of twelve boys sails for several days in the Irish Sea.

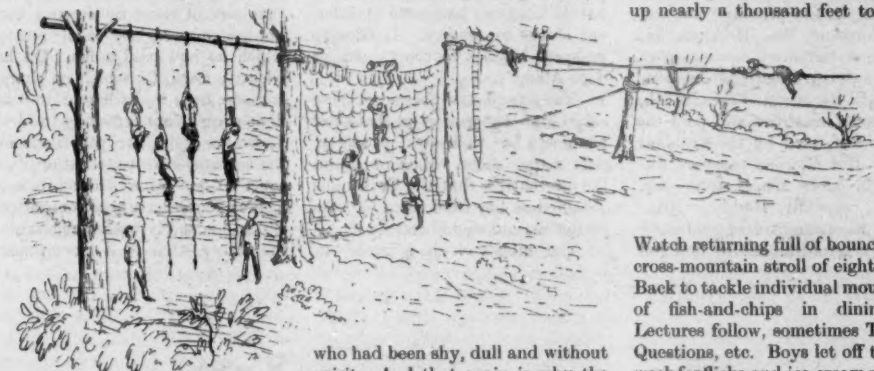
Their day begins at six-thirty, with P.T. and a cold shower, or a dip in the estuary, and Lights Out is at ten. Emphasis is on the sea (sailing continues in almost all weathers except a dead calm), but athletics are also important, and so are mountain expeditions which are



gradually worked up to a thirty-five mile trek with map and compass over the top of Cader Idris. In addition each boy chooses one of three special "subjects": Seamanship, Life-saving at sea, and Firefighting. The discipline is strict (many boys of fifteen now find the ban on smoking an almost intolerable deprivation), but the instructors are mostly Merchant Navy officers with a twinkle in their eye, and they are solidly the Schools' friends. For much of the discipline the boys themselves are responsible. They elect their own Watch Captains, who sit when necessary, with the gravity of seasoned J.P.s, on a Bench

good, and the boys, whose health is carefully watched by an ex-naval nursing sister, are there long enough to get really fit. Very few of them get Mother to write that Grannie is dying. Seventy-five per cent put on weight. And nearly all go out with a much bigger horizon and a new zest. That is why industrialists, troubled by apathy among their workers, are queueing up, with headmasters (of Council and public schools) and others, to send their young men to the Outward Bound (the course costs twenty pounds, and a firm can charge this against tax). I have read some of the letters in which they express their astonishment at the lasting change in boys

and lectures. Very honest lunch disappears like magic. Afterwards talk with Watch Captains, also with other boys. Four Germans, two West Africans, two Dutch, one Latvian. They say by end of first week ache everywhere, but now at end of second fit for anything, even Cader Idris jaunt, five-mile walking race, two-mile run. Say discipline nearly breaks their hearts at first then officers let up (officers tell us what really happens is boys get used to discipline). All warm in praise of officers and in enthusiasm for whole course. Some want to stay for another. Watch them jump into sheet, climb monkey-ropes and nets like pro. acrobats. Later puff up nearly a thousand feet to meet



which tries misdemeanours and allots punishments. Between the Watches there is hot competition, on points; but more important is the individual's struggle in his various activities against a series of standards adjusted for his age. The essence of Aberdovey is to encourage the boy to beat his own best, and to carry the habit out with him into life (at the Eskdale School mountains are the chief medium, instead of the sea, but the principles are the same). To imagine that this is just a juvenile commando-course is to miss its whole point and to ignore the spiritual influences which play a large part in it, through a hand-picked padre and staff.

The day at Aberdovey is very long and hard, but the situation, with the Merioneth hills rising steeply from Cardigan Bay, is magnificent, the food and beds are

who had been shy, dull and without spirit. And that again is why the Outward Bound Trust is appealing for funds so that it can ease its swollen waiting-list with further schools.

Here, very compressed, are some of my notes on a visit to Aberdovey:

"Resisted pressing invitation to cold shower at dawn. After parade and prayers, taken in launch with Watch due to relieve training ketch returning from Abersoch. Misty. Two miles out *Warspite* appears, like beautiful pirate ship. Coleridgean calm, but no albatross. Incoming Watch has had a picnic; some don't. All boys obliged to wear life-jackets. On way back see breeches buoy demonstrated across pierhead, causing flutter in Aberdovecots. Also canoes. One Watch going twenty-mile expedition in them next Sunday. Visit huts where boys sleep, do their own housework, help wash up. Main house used for admin.

Watch returning full of bounce from cross-mountain stroll of eight miles. Back to tackle individual mountains of fish-and-chips in dining-hut. Lectures follow, sometimes Twenty Questions, etc. Boys let off twice a week for flicks-and-ice-cream orgies."

Could there be a better answer than all this to "the modern boy"?

ERIC KEOWN



## MISLEADING CASES

Whose Passport is Yours?

*Albert and Gloria Haddock v. The King*

THE Lord Chancellor said: "This important appeal concerns the nature of a passport and the property in a passport; and the rights, if any, of the Crown to restrict the movements of the citizen in time of peace. Mr. Haddock's passport is of the fine old vintage of the late Mr. Ernest Bevin. It 'requests and requires in the name of His Majesty' that Mr. Haddock may be allowed 'to pass freely without let or hindrance'. It is stated to be 'valid' till a date five years from the date of issue.

Now, in the present year, *consule* Morrison, Mrs. Haddock had occasion to acquire a new passport, in order to travel with her husband abroad. He assisted her in the prolonged formalities and paid the money demanded by the Passport Office. But Gloria's passport was 'new' in more senses than one. 'What', says Mr. Haddock (page 4375 in the transcript of evidence), 'was my astonishment to find (on

the last page) the following entirely novel statement:

*"This passport remains the property of His Majesty's Government and may be withdrawn at any time".*

There is nothing to that effect in Albert's passport: but it appears that the passport of Mr. Haddock's son, of an intermediate vintage, has a different formula. This one 'may be withdrawn if the holder ceases to be entitled to the protection of His Majesty's Government'.

Now it is clear that in this land of equality a husband and wife can hardly hold two passports of different status or quality. If Gloria's passport belongs to the Crown, so does Albert's.

The appellants, therefore, have asked for a declaration (a) that their passports are their own property, duly acquired for value, or (b) in the alternative, that the Crown has obtained money from them by false pretences, and should restore it.

The money-claim is small in

amount (fifteen shillings) and by some may be considered squalid in character. But in my opinion it throws a powerful light on the constitutional point which is at the heart of this case. The Crown, with the citizens' assistance, prepares—and 'issues'—many official documents: the Birth Certificate, the Motor, Dog, Game or Radio Licence, the Ration Card, the Identity Card, the National Health Insurance Card. For some of these it charges a fee; for others not. Any citizen, I think, would be greatly surprised to hear that any of these documents were not his 'property', especially one for which he had paid a fee. On his Identity Card, for which no charge is made, he is told what to do if he finds a card 'not belonging to him'. There are legislative provisions for the suspension or cancellation by a court of law of a driving licence where offences have been committed. But no one, surely, would suggest that the Crown, that is, a Government



"Hello! Lloyd's?"

Department, would be entitled to 'withdraw' a Birth Certificate (for which one penny is charged) or a Dog Licence 'at any time', that is, without showing cause in some process of law. That, though, is what the Crown claims in relation to the passport. They make it, on an early page, in prominent type, 'Valid for five years'. In small type, on the last page, they say that it is Government property, and can be taken away to-morrow. If the citizen's rights in the document are indeed so small and fleeting it is surprising, and possibly fraudulent, that he should be made to pay fifteen shillings for them.

But are his rights so small? At a day not very distant the passport was not required at all for travel in normal conditions in civilized lands. But it could be demanded as a right by any good citizen who proposed to travel in dangerous times and regions and thought that a good word from His Majesty's Government might assist him, whether with British or foreign officials. Wars came; the world was more difficult and dangerous: and the passport slowly grew into an instrument more for the restriction than the assistance of movement. But still the *prima facie* right to the passport remained: and the passport could only be 'withdrawn', as we have seen, where the holder 'ceased to be entitled to the protection of His Majesty's Government'—or, in other words, was guilty of some grave offence.

The new formula, on the latest breed of passport—and let it be noted that there are now three differently worded forms of passport in currency—goes very much further. It can be 'withdrawn' (whatever that means) 'at any time', not because the holder 'has ceased to deserve His Majesty's protection', but because the Foreign Secretary does not like his face, or thinks that he should not waste his time and money on holidays abroad. But this is to turn a right into a privilege; a security into a gamble; an open door into a barricade. A railway company might as well announce that, having sold a ticket, it is entitled to take it away at once.

It is highly important, therefore, that your Lordships' House should determine, once for all, the question of property. If a private citizen took Mr. Haddock's passport, he could without doubt proceed against him, as if the man had taken his watch—or his Birth Certificate. Suppose that the Crown asks Mr. Haddock to surrender his passport, and Mr. Haddock refuses. Can the Crown send a policeman to take away his passport by force? I think not. For there is nothing in any Act of Parliament, or, so far as I know, any Statutory Regulation or Order that gives the Crown that power. They have sold this document, for value received, and it is now the personal property of Mr. Haddock. After five years it may lose its 'validity' but, unless he wants to acquire another, no one can compel him to hand it over.\* If the State has any good reason for wishing to stop him travelling, the State, no doubt, will find some good way of doing so.

From this decision many small but valuable results may follow. All over the world innumerable (and often unheaven) officials are making a living by defacing Mr. Haddock's passport with what are known as 'stamps'. These are often illegible,

\* The police or the Official Receiver may ask the citizen to surrender his passport as a condition of the granting of bail or an earnest of good intentions, but, *quare*, they can do nothing if he refuses.

and their purpose and justification is seldom plain. If, as I have declared, the passport is Mr. Haddock's personal property, all this stamping, it is clear, amounts to a trespass unless Mr. Haddock agrees to it; and if all the Mr. Haddocks united in objecting much time and trouble and money would be saved. It follows too that the modern practice in certain countries by which the traveller's passport is taken away from him for inspection by the police and others must be contrary to law. For no Government is entitled to take a Briton's property away from him.

As for the present case, I find for Mr. Haddock and his lady. The appeal should be allowed, and a declaration made in the terms demanded."

Lords Right, Wool, Strawberry and Bindweed concurred.

A. P. H.

2 2

#### SLOGAN

IN warrior throats, defiant, hoarse,  
Bidding the foeman quail,  
So, gallantly, began your course,  
Brave war-cry of the Gael.

Sluagh-ghairm—that once through  
chieftains' halls

Spelt death to tyrant boasters,  
How sadly now you flap from walls  
On damp election posters!

E. V. MILNER



## AT THE PLAY

*The White Sheep of the Family*  
(PICCADILLY)

*A Priest in the Family*  
(WESTMINSTER)



ONLY towards the end of the first act of *The White Sheep of the Family* do we realize how excellent a twist its authors, Mr. L. DU GARDE PEACH and Mr. IAN HAY, have hidden under a deceptively normal surface. The scene is a prosperous home in Hampstead. J.P. and churchwarden, the father might also be a respected figure on the Stock Exchange. His wife and daughter are quietly distinguished, and visits from a vicar as deliciously bumbling as only Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK can make him quickly establish the high-mindedness of this enviable circle. Not until we have decided that we are in for another suburban comedy of surtax and the butcher, that will bowl agreeably enough along the well-worn trammels of the West End, is a bombshell hurled ruthlessly into our midst; for the father is



(*A Priest in the Family*)

Ruthless Mum

Kate Murphy—MISS MAUREEN DELANY



Prodigal Son

(*The White Sheep of the Family*)

James Winter—MR. JACK HULBERT  
Alice Winter—MISS JOYCE CAREY

Peter Winter—MR. DEREK BLOMFIELD

the best crackman of his day, the daughter the lightest-fingered girl in London, and even the mother has brought to a name traditionally famed in the profession her own ancestral glory in its highest mysteries.

And that is not all. The son is a forger of genius; and such is the skill with which our pedestrian ideas are turned upside down that we grieve with these charming people when he comes to tell them he has got a job in a bank in order to go straight, and in order, as they discover—this is the cruellest blow—to marry with a clear conscience the daughter of an Assistant Commissioner at the Yard. Never have patricians been more deeply wounded in their proper pride.

What is invigorating about this comedy is the completeness of the inversion. "Oh, the disgrace!" brokenly murmurs the mother, to whom Miss JOYCE CAREY beautifully gives the gentle dignity of a cathedral lady, while the outbursts of the father, who is played delightfully by Mr. JACK HULBERT, are those of any upright parent outraged by the wanton folly of a son. Everything in the evening—which of course ends happily on the promise of bigger and better burglaries—is upside down, and this joke is handled with such expert lightness and variety that it remains untarnished to the end, almost disguising the slender situation of the

last act and the way the family's social difficulties are constantly dodged. It is a very neat and amusing piece of writing, and neither Mr. JOHN FERNALD, as producer, nor a resourceful cast fail to make the most of the freshness of its attack. Miss SONIA WILLIAMS, Miss RONA ANDERSON and Mr. DEREK BLOMFIELD are all good as the younger members of the team.

*A Priest in the Family*, by Mr. KIERAN TUNNEY and Mr. JOHN SYNGE, is a full-blooded drama which sets out to castigate Irish Roman Catholic mothers for their alleged habit of sacrificing children and decency to the honour of having a priest for a son. Unfortunately the mother concerned is an unconvincing monster whose manoeuvres are largely mechanical; and, although the play has some effective scenes, its case is made no stronger than its story. The problem of the chief victim, a girl, is left in the air. Mr. JOSEPH O'CONOR, Miss SHEILA MANAHAN and Mr. RONALD WALSH are better than the piece deserves.

#### Recommended

*The Winter's Tale* (Phoenix) is an all-round pleasure. For an amusing play with an original edge of satire try *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's), and for cosy derision with a consistent kick *The Lyric Revue* (Globe).

ERIC KEOWN



## WATER-COLOURS, MAJOR AND MINOR

NOTHING could be more absurd than the accusation sometimes levelled at water-colour painting that it is a pretty but minor art, incapable of great things. The masterpieces of the "Early English" school give the answer. The obvious truth is that water-colour, like any other medium, depends for its success or failure on the individual using it. If the individual happens to be a great artist one can count on something of greatness in the result. Turner aims at representing the richness and mystery of twilight or sunset; in water-colour he finds a wonderful power of suggestion by which, even better than in his oil paintings, he carries out his purpose. William Blake tries to give definite shape to the figures that people his imagination; the outline and the wash of colour suit him perfectly. One may criticize Blake in some respects, but "pretty and minor" he certainly is not.

Yet it is true that the water-colourist is beset by special temptations. There are rules and limits easy to grasp but not so easy to obey. An artist may know perfectly well that the medium relies a great deal on its transparency, on the sparkle of paper shining through the clear colour, but he may still be lured into rivalry with the weight and solidity of oil paint: with a consequent deadening of the transparent effect. It is tempting to forget that water-colour is, basically, drawing, and to aim at "finish" which, without firm draughtsmanship, tends to be sugary and "niggling."

Some of these defects appear in the period that followed the great age of water-colour, a period one can date (roughly) from the death of Turner in 1851. There is the strange case of Samuel Palmer, whose water-colours in the 1830s were of such unusual interest in their drawing and romantic feeling, and whose later works descended so sadly into the commonplace. No doubt the romantic feeling waned in him, yet we must also blame the decline on his attempt to rival the depth of oil painting. The aims,

likewise, of William Hunt (whose plums and peaches used to be so highly thought of) and of Birket Foster (whose rustic idylls are still popular) were somewhat misdirected. They forgot the value of the "definite statement" (Blake's term for firm and simple drawing) and spent their talents on stippled detail of a trivial kind. Thus, in spite of its period charm, the Victorian water-colour departed from a standard that was higher as well as earlier. Artists have tried to get back to it since—not without success. Slight though they

were, the water-colours of Wilson Steer were a notable return to the old direct way of working with a brush. Many accomplished artists to-day keep quite admirably to some of the rules. One still has the impression, however, that water-colour could be "bigger" than it is.

This impression was exaggerated by the Arts Council's exhibition, "Three Centuries of Water-Colour," satisfactory in showing such accepted *chefs d'œuvre* as Cotman's "Ploughed Field" but disappointingly patchy in showing what has happened since. There remains a useful exhibition to be made of water-colour "Since Turner," which should have its discoveries no less

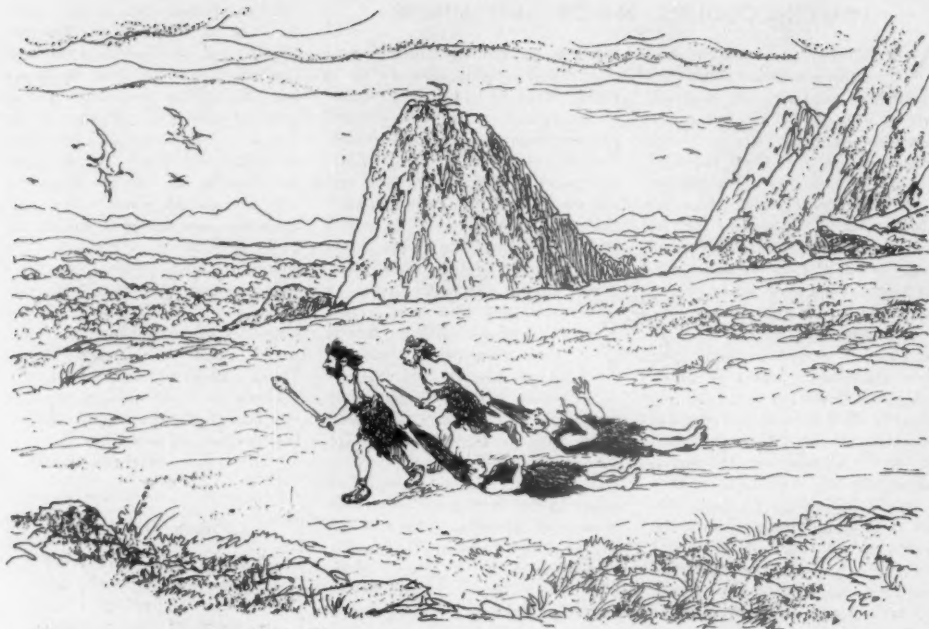
interesting than the recent "find" of such little-known eighteenth-century water-colourists as Taverner and Skelton. The best discovery we can make, however, is that water-colour is no outworn recipe but is capable of new life. Our imagined exhibition would have to include the water-colours of Cézanne, which show more conclusively than any since Turner the great possibilities of the art. The joyous freshness of his colour (free of the anxious effort that sometimes appears in his oil paintings), the largeness of design and drawing, make them noble productions. There is no invidious national comparison involved—simply another reminder that water-colour need not be "pretty and minor."

WILLIAM GAUNT

## Punch Almanack

THE Punch Almanack for 1952, which includes the usual complement of coloured pages and a special section devoted to the Army, is to be published on November 5, price two shillings. Postal subscribers will receive a copy without application; other readers are strongly advised to ask their newsagent, without delay, to reserve a copy for them.





*"... then I add the white of two pterodactyl eggs and a pinch of salt, and bake gently for a couple of hours."*

## SPORTS DEPARTMENT

MY wife tried on four hats, so I said I would go and make my little purchase. I would wait for her in the sports department.

The place was fairly busy and the department filled an entire floor. I had not expected anything so imposing. In fact I was turning back when a forward bounded out of the scrum and asked if he could show me anything.

At that moment the store's golf pro. sold a set of matched clubs.

"No—not really," I said.

Somebody who looked like a duke was writing out a cheque on a billiards table.

"We carry a big range of sporting equipment," said the Rugby man. "All the famous makes."

My laugh, intended to be light, had something eerie about it. The manager, lurking among the bows and arrows, jumped as if the Indians had got him.

"The fact is," I said quickly, "I must be in the wrong department. It's a pastime, really."

The manager emerged from a wigwam.

"Pastimes, sir? What can we show you?"

Some people would have settled for an arrow, but I am made of sterner stuff. My back was to the wall. At such times I am prone to surprise myself and confound my enemies.

"Well," I said doubtfully, "have you such a thing as a Boy Scout's knife?"

He smiled and waved to a distant assistant. I stopped him.

"One moment. That's an accessory to wear in my belt. I want a diving outfit."

"Trunks? Swimsuit?" asked the manager.

"No. Diving suit. Lead boots. Pumping apparatus. Everything."

Respect brimmed over in the manager's eyes. "It will be a special order," he said. "Was there anything else before we measure you?"

There was no sign of my wife, so I asked if they had any swimming pools.

The duke, on his way out, nodded to me in passing.

The manager wrote in a little book. He looked up. "Any particular size, sir?"

When I said I wanted one big enough to accommodate a desk and a chair I saw I had his full attention. He showed me various designs, but none was exactly what I had in mind. They were not deep enough.

"It must be at least thirty feet deep," I said.

"Really a tank," said the manager.

"Really a tank," I agreed.

I was aware of the fine eyes of a hockey girl.

The manager said I could claim a discount for research work. He told me where to apply for the necessary forms.

So I had to tell him it was not research but the Hopwoods.

I explained that the Hopwoods always call on Friday evenings, and the three Hopwood children expect me to draw pictures for them in coloured crayons.

Speculation on the face of the manager was shared by a couple of athletic types in windcheaters.

"I am a writer," I said, "not a scientist. When the Hopwoods call I intend to get into my diving suit, lower myself gently to the bottom of the tank, sit at my desk and get on with my work."

The manager put away his little book.

"One other thing," I said. "I shall require a pen that writes under water."

I don't know whether they had one. Just then I saw my wife, and with a glad cry rushed to join her.

"Did you get it?" she asked.

I shook my head. But on the way home I called at the newsagent's on the corner and asked Charlie for a ping-pong ball.

"Dozen!" asked Charlie, who at times begins to think he is in the wholesale business.

"Only one, Charlie."

"Tournament? Match?"

"No," I said firmly. "The cheapest you have. It's for the kitten to play with."

"I see," said Charlie, and called up his youngest daughter to take the order.

"The Tories and Socialists are tarred with the same restrictionist brush—hence the vital need for a Liberal bridgehead at Westminster to prod whichever of them attains power at regular intervals, to make sure that the armies of vested interest do not trample underfoot the underdog of 1951."

Nottingham University  
Liberal Society letter

Metaphorically speaking.

## LUNAR ECLIPSE

IN time—some say quite soon—  
There will be people on the moon.

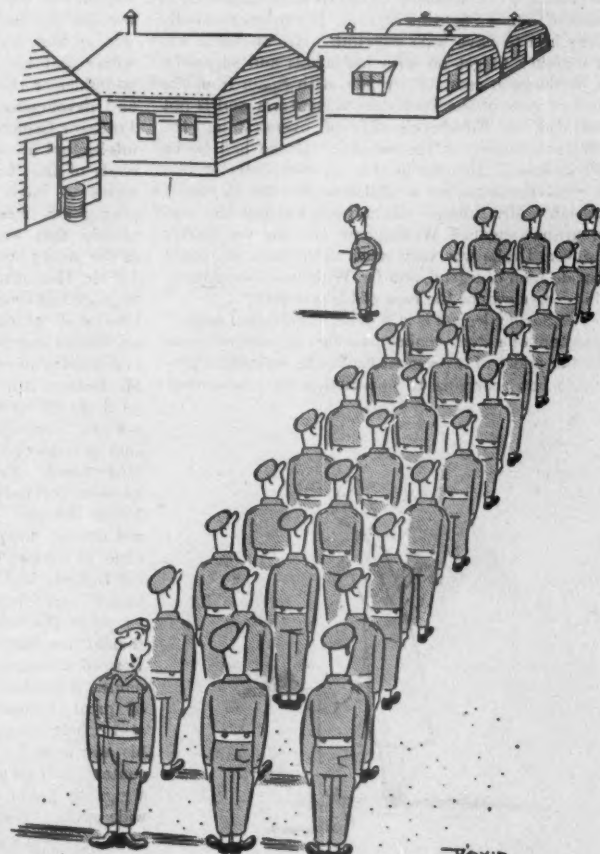
What then?

There will be houses on the moon,  
Belfries with bats,  
Bus stops and barbers' shops,  
Cheques, chimney sweeps and  
mutton chops,  
And men  
In bowler hats.

Alas! What will the poets do  
Without the moon?

For who  
Would make her walk the night in  
silver shoon,  
With ham and eggs up there?  
Or dare—  
Though sweet the rune—  
An orb'd maiden sing  
When Higginbotham's on the thing?

T. S. WATT



"Other way, fool . . . !"

## BOOKING OFFICE

## Legends and Lives

ONLY part of a great man's life creates a legend, and that not necessarily the most important part. After all, it is the young Wordsworth who is read but the old Wordsworth who is remembered. A good biography need not destroy a legend, but it must reduce it to proportion. It must explain why its subject was important in his own time.

A new series of Brief Lives, intended to interest both juvenile and adult readers, starts well with Dr. J. A. Williamson's *Sir Francis Drake*. It is very clear and readable and, of course, authoritative. It brings out well Drake's strategic sense, so often forgotten in praise of him as a fighting captain. It also unexpectedly shows him to have been merciful. His weakness was an inability to get on with his equals and superiors. Dr. Williamson sees the struggle with Spain from the point of view of the Protestant adventurer and is not quite fair to Elizabeth's fear of overstraining the delicate economy of the country. Drake had to be held in leash. He was neither an administrator like his rival Hawkins nor a diplomat like his opponent Burleigh. Mr. Rowse's recent book has put the case convincingly against Walsingham and the war party. However, Drake was very much more than the naval Cœur de Lion of legend, and Dr. Williamson's summary of his career widens the base of his pedestal.

The Shelley legend is still of an "ineffectual angel," the picture of a stock genius, pouring out inspired verse from the midst of a personal confusion, morally reprehensible but charming to non-victims in a bohemian

kind of way. Professor Cameron's *The Young Shelley: Genesis of a Radical* is a study of his life and thought down to the publication of "A Refutation of Deism." It is a useful and pleasant book. Scoffers at industrious scholarship may sneer at having one hundred and twenty-three pages of notes to two hundred and eighty-seven pages of text; but personally I like notes, and having them collected together at the end leaves the text free from confusing detail.

It is better written than many other works of American scholarship and its learning does serve a useful purpose. It reminds us that Shelley was so far from ineffectual that the Government used its full powers of coercion to try to silence him, and that he provided much of the inspiration of the Chartist movement. He was, in fact, an influential political and philosophical writer and for many years was better known as a pamphleteer than as a poet. By tracing the sources and development of his thought in its early stages Professor Cameron throws a good deal of light on the intellectual framework of the later poetry. When one reads of the Romantic poets, to whom poetry often seems to have been a means of making political propaganda memorable, it is odd to remember the attacks that were made on the political distractions of the young poets of twenty years ago.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson has now reached *Dizzy* in his biographical tour of the English wits. Mr. Pearson is interested in character and in word-play, and his quotations and psychological suggestions are, as usual, embodied in an easy, flowing narrative. Unfortunately, Mr. Pearson is not really at home in history, and, while he deals effectively enough with Disraeli as novelist, wit and "character," when he comes to his statesmanship he relies on rather off-hand summaries of textbook information. The legend remains that of the gifted amateur and publicity-expert who inexplicably became Prime Minister. From this agreeable sketch it does not emerge how he could have become the source of ideas of modern Conservatism, nor is it clear how far his Budgets and Near Eastern policy revealed genius rather than a talent for expediency.

After the death of *Ivor Novello* Mr. Peter Noble revised his biography and brought it up to date. Despite a certain amount of gush and many lists of names, it gives a convincing picture of a very nice man of great industry and versatility. The theatrical atmosphere comes through strongly. Novello made his own legend and was circumscribed by it. He was content with an easy relationship between himself and a gigantic public and with the adoring friendship of a wide circle of friends. There were signs that he could have done more lasting work; but at least he gave a great amount of pleasure, in public and in private. It is a pity that Mr. Noble's revision did not extend to tidying up the text of his book, which badly needs editing. However, even its faults are redolent of the theatre, and that is, no doubt, as it should be.

R. G. G. PRICE



"It's the Dexters—can we go to some kind of celebration party on the 25th?"



### The Life that Matters

"Out of nostalgia all art springs," muses Mr. A. L. Rowse in the course of an afternoon at Haworth Parsonage; and he adds, with heightened insight, a tribute to the nostalgia of the present, which is one of the marks of the born writer who seizes the present because it will be the past before it is captured. Understanding this, his essays on the more nostalgic writers—on the Brontës, on Hardy, on D. H. Lawrence at Eastwood—are the most moving of the dozen "Evocations of Persons and Places" which make up *The English Past*. In their case persons and places are inextricably interpenetrated; as Swift at Letcombe, Milton at Forest Hill, and even John Buchan at Elsfield can never be. Yet so humanized and localized is the history that underpins this endearing and scholarly book that it vivifies even "Nottingham: A Midlands Capital" whose Pre-Raphaelite assemblage of talkative facts is a triumph in a manner more exacting than it seems.

H. P. E.

### Scrutiny of Hollywood

An anthropologist experienced in the study of primitive communities on Pacific islands and elsewhere, Dr. Hortense Powdermaker set out to apply her scientific method to the study of *Hollywood, the Dream Factory*. She sums up her observations in a book that is no less entertaining than instructive. Every department of film-making is covered, as well as the unique elements in Hollywood's social structure. The author interviewed innumerable people, most of them very informative ("The level of frustration was high, and frustrated people love to talk"), and readers will enjoy guessing the identities of producers, directors, writers, actors and others whom she calmly, ironically anatomizes under some such name as "Mr. Good Judgment" or "Miss Purposeful." But "the emphasis was always on the relationships between the data, rather than just collecting it"; and it will be easier after reading this book to understand where and why a bad Hollywood picture went wrong, whom to thank for the way a good one went right. Nobody at all interested in films could fail to find it absorbing.

R. M.

### Clouded Star

Most novels about the theatre emphasize its romance and excitement. In *The Heart of Fame* Mr. Giles Playfair avoids this conventional approach, giving us instead the tragedy of a man whose great natural gifts as an actor remove him from the simple provincial life in which he can be happy. A workman, he becomes the spoilt idol of London, but a streak of instability makes him more and more unreliable; on the crest of success he takes to the bottle and runs away. A series of wives and mistresses fail to steady him, until finally, ruined in health, he leaves the stage and comes briefly into harbour with an elderly spinster in a little villa in Manchester. Too late, the most patient of his friends,

the dramatist who writes the story as a biography, realizes that by encouraging the man's ambition he has wrecked his life. This is a convincing novel, told with detachment, and its characters are quietly and skilfully drawn.

E. O. D. K.

### Past Glories

The Indian States began as our foes or allies—in either case redoubtable—developed as Oriental anachronisms or as administrations disquietingly more successful than our own, and finally, as the keystone of a political crisis, were somehow frittered away. In *Kingdoms of Yesterday* Sir Arthur Lothian concentrates on the third stage, 1911–1947, the span of his own comprehensive service as a "Political" in conditions which, as he points out, were by that time more British than those of so-called British India. The general reader to-day may find him too much the Indian Civilian talking shop, and out-dated shop at that, but should not therefore miss his lucid expositions of the Kashmir problem—still all too vividly alive—and the betrayal of Hyderabad, nor his thought-compelling obituary Epilogue. Candidly outspoken, he provides many entertaining stories, many eye-opening instances and



"Come, come, Mr. Pettigrew. Surely you can see some semblance to an evil sort of monster breathing tongues of fire in this one, can't you?"

an all-over picture of the last days of what was probably the finest of Services as it was certainly the finest of lives. But why does he tell us nothing of that interesting new State Ajiner-Mesivara mentioned on his dust-jacket?

H. B.

### La Vie Fantastique

Berlioz, composer of so few published works, yet each of them a masterpiece establishing new orchestral forms and possibilities, is an ideal peg upon which to hang a critical survey of the trends of the nineteenth century, and Jacques Barzun's exposition of the subject—*Berlioz and the Romantic Century*—fruit of a marathon of research, is a work as much for the general reader as the expert musician. Berlioz' music speaks of reality, but by translation into another vocabulary, not by imitation; it is neither "absolute" nor (in common usage) "programme," rather it is conceived in such terms as to "develop in sounds certain elements which life and music mysteriously hold in common." Mr. Barzun has not fallen into the usual error of attributing all subsequent developments to his idol—of seeing in him everything he wants to see; as he shrewdly points out, such fatherhoods have to be shared with so many as scarcely to flatter the fastidious. But he has made a first-class job of bringing into clear focus in the foreground a figure who, by his own great but inscrutable qualities, had confused the critics into assigning him a hazy position in the middle distance.

J. D.

### Waggish Tutor

*A Seat at the Ballet* sets out to give the puzzled, "moderately new ballet-goer" an inkling of what it is all about. And, indeed, to sit in the stalls next a

competent and instructed critic, with access to his mind, to see what he approves, questions, suspends judgment about, to clarify points during the interval, and pick up the jargon of the trade, to learn something of the all-important functions of the director building into a unity music, decor, drama and the pattern of the dance—this would be as profitable a first lesson as could well be contrived. Miss Caryl Brahms, who brings to her task wide knowledge, musical sensibility, and a discreetly tempered enthusiasm, puts herself into this relation with her readers, dissects many of the famous classical, romantic and experimental ballets, discusses the techniques and personalities of outstanding dancers and choreographers in a lively but, alas, much too waggish idiom. A pity, as this may unjustly tend to discount the value of her sober judgments.

J. F. T.

### Young People in Love

Mr. Charles Morgan forestalls criticism by the admission that the task which he has set the narrator of *A Breeze of Morning* is one of extremest difficulty: to recollect in middle age, and to record with fidelity, the thoughts and emotions of the boy he had been some forty years back. The eyes of experience can hardly but sophisticate the vision of innocence, and the question must constantly present itself whether even so intelligent and thoughtful a fourteen-year-old as David Harbrook could have interpreted with so much perspicacity the, for the most part, inarticulate drama enacted by a deeply loved elder sister, a cousin who was in some sort his hero, and the girl under whose enchantment he too had fallen. Still, it is easy enough to submit to the persuasion of Mr. Morgan's artistry. He has distilled the true essence of schoolboy romanticism, and in his portrait of Rose Letterby has managed to capture the elusive without brushing the dust from its wings.

F. B.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Sir Francis Drake*. James A. Williamson. (Collins, 7/6)  
*The Young Shelley*. Kenneth Neill Cameron. (Gollancz, 21/-)  
*Dizzy*. Hesket Pearson. (Methuen, 21/-)  
*Ivor Novello*. Peter Noble. (Falcon Press, 12/6)  
*The English Past*. A. L. Rowse. (Macmillan, 15/-)  
*Hollywood, the Dream Factory*. Hortense Powdermaker. (Secker and Warburg, 18/-)  
*The Heart of Fame*. Giles Playfair. (Longmans, 12/6)  
*Kingdoms of Yesterday*. Sir Arthur Lothian. (Murray, 21/-)  
*Berlioz and the Romantic Century*. Jacques Barzun. (Gollancz, two vols, £3 3s.)  
*A Seat at the Ballet*. Caryl Brahms. (Evans, 12/6)  
*A Breeze of Morning*. Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, 10/6)

### Other Recommended Books

- The Little Emperors*. Alfred Duggan. (Faber, 15/-)  
 Historico-fictional account of the decline of the Roman Empire in Britain. A very satisfying compound of history, guesswork and invention, set in a fascinating and little-known period.  
*Roast Pigeon*. James Cadell. (MacGibbon and Kee, 10/6)  
 An interesting story about the return to power of the ex-Nazis in an imaginary town in the British Zone of Germany. Melodramatic and rather self-consciously written; but the background is clearly authentic.



Eric Burgin

## THE WINKFIELD AWARD

I NEVER thought the day would come when I'd interview my old friend Dymchurch. He and I had made our modest starts in journalism together, and for a while he was no more prominent than I, which is to say not prominent at all. Even recently he hadn't seemed to me to be doing anything out of the ordinary, and then, to my surprise, came his winning of the Winkfield Journalism Award for outstanding public service.

"It's an old story," he told me, "a cliché. I started low and worked up. Of course, I didn't realize it at the time, but looking back now I can see exactly how it began. It was my not interviewing somebody who won seventy-five thousand pounds in a football pool. That gave me my start.

"You can't plan these things," he went on. "It was pure accident, and so was the next step—not interviewing a woman who, in response to a newspaper advertisement, was about to travel five thousand miles to marry a man she'd never seen.

"Up to then, it was fairly routine stuff," he continued, "but it was the sort of experience that helps later on. You may recall that I became a war correspondent. I got to Chungking, and it was there that I never interviewed Chou En-lai. Later the opportunity arose of not interviewing Mao Tse-tung in a cave in Yenan."

"Which you took?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling with satisfaction. "By that time I was firmly on the road. Soon after, I did not submit a list of written questions to Stalin. War corresponding was a highly competitive business, you know. You have no idea what that did for my prestige."

"After hitting the high spots that way," I said, "it must have been difficult for you when the war ended."

"It was," he said. "I had to keep my hand in by not asking American tourists how they liked it here, and not asking G.I. brides who came back to see their families how they liked it there. It wasn't much, but it kept me from getting rusty.



Then things took a turn for the better, and I was able not to interview Communists who changed their minds."

"So you were ready when the big chance came?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he said emphatically. "That's how I won the award. I told myself it was now or never, and then I went out and did not interview Tito. I don't like to boast, but I ask you, in all honesty, how many journalists, or non-journalists, for that matter, can make that claim?"

I admitted it was very few.

"Of course," he went on expansively, "there are some people who believe that the non-interview of Tito was not the best thing I've done. They think that came later, with my not interviewing Moussadek at his bedside. They may be right. I

confess I don't know which I prefer myself. But the Winkfield people seem more impressed by the Tito thing. It was a bit of a coup."

"I suppose," I said, "that you feel there are no more worlds for you to conquer."

"There is that problem," he said. "But something always turns up. The big thing is to be ready for it." He lowered his voice. "You're an old friend," he said. "I can trust you. I've got something up my sleeve. I've noticed a few interviews with General Franco lately. That sounds like the beginning. I think an opportunity is building up there. It's a question of timing. I'll let a few months go by and then I'll do my stuff."

His eyes lit up, and he rubbed his hands gleefully. "It could be my greatest triumph," he said.

## CONFLICT

THE woman advanced from the particular to the general. "I don't know why every night it's the same, stopping late at that office. What *good* do you do?"

The man searched his conscience. "We keep each other company," he suggested.

"Do you do anything after six o'clock that couldn't be done in the morning?"

"I don't know."

"Is there a post goes after six?"

"No."

"Or one in?"

"No, the messengers are gone."

"The messengers are gone?" She seemed to find difficulty in believing it. "Who else is gone?"

"The clerks are gone."

"So there are no clerks at that time to send you papers, nor messengers to bring them to you. What do you do? Sit ringing each other up?"

"The switchboard," the man admitted, "is closed down."

"The internal switchboard?"

"It's all the same switchboard."

If you ring up after six from outside you get a voice which says it's the boiler man, it's on its own there, everyone has gone home."

"It—he must be lonely. I'm sorry for it—him."

"He's all right. I expect he sits fussing about his coal, working out quantities, to make it last till the spring. He's got plenty to think about. There's no need for him to be lonely."

"If he is he can put his pencil in his shovel, and come upstairs and talk to all you. With nothing coming or going out, and no way of getting in touch with each other, you ought to be delighted with his company."

"We can get in and out of each other's rooms," the man reminded her. "As a matter of fact," he disclosed in a burst of confidence, "it's a favourite time to hold meetings, in the evening."

"Why not the daytime?"

"We're all busy in the daytime."

"And meetings are a form of relaxation?"

"That wasn't what I meant," the man said. "It's understandable in the daytime, with people busy, not everyone's free together."

"What I'm saying," the woman insisted, "is that in the evening no one's free at all. What are you supposed to do? Give your life to the office?"

The man took refuge in the behaviour of his contemporaries. "The others all do it."

"They may not have wives to go home to." She appealed to his manliness. "And must *you* do it because *they* do?"

The man mourned her ignorance of the way things go in an office. "You've just got to do what the others do, that's all. If it's the custom to stay late, then *you've* got to stay late. You can't help yourself. It's public opinion."

The woman refused to abandon her position. "What I can't get at," she said, settling down for the second round, "is what *good* you do."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE



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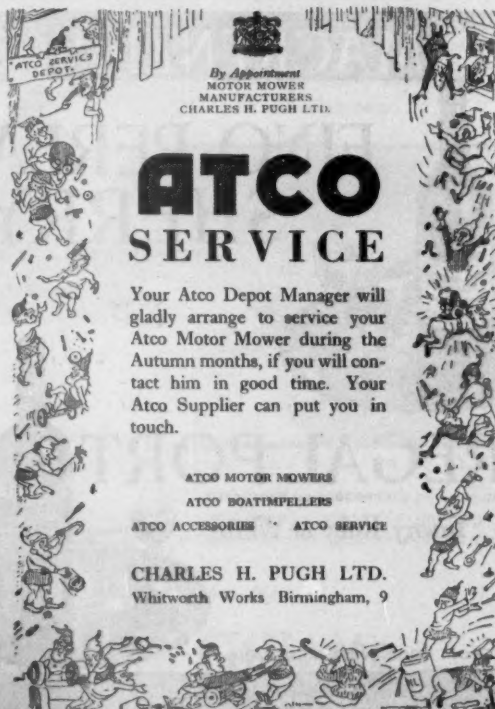
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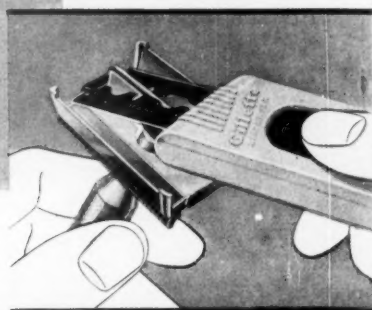
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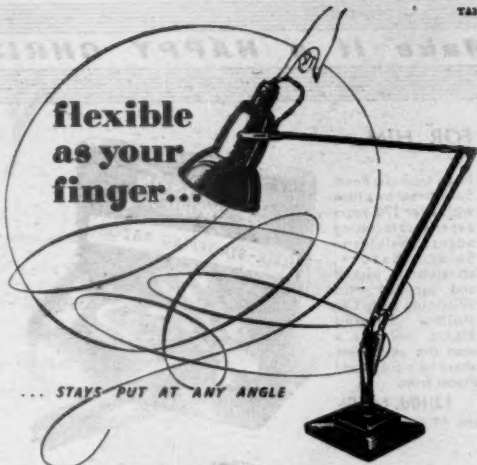


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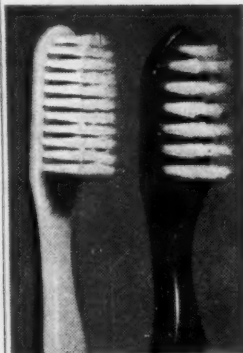
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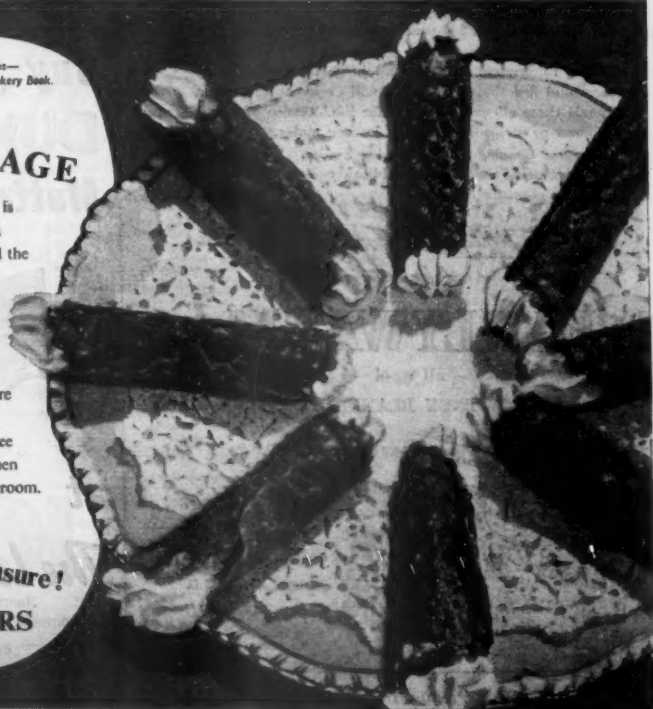
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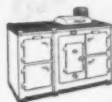
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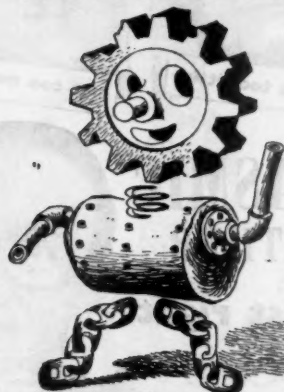
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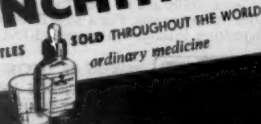
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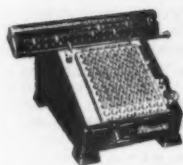
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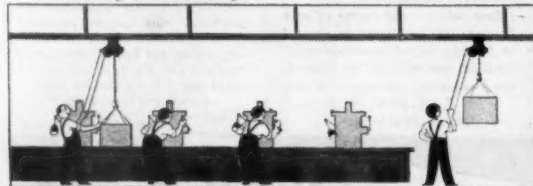
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